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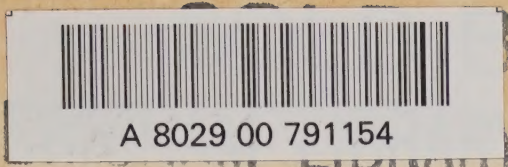

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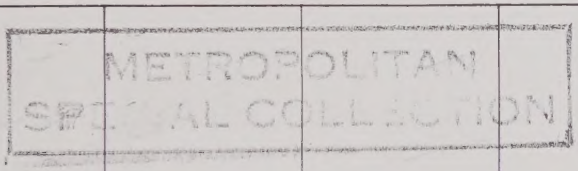

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MAIDSTONE

Left Wing of the Ancient Palace of the Archbishops

KENT

BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE · PAINTED BY W. BISCOMBE GARDNER

PUBLISHED BY ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
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CANTERBURY—FIRST VIEW

As we stand upon the summit of Bell Harry Tower—more happily called the Angel Steeple—of Canterbury Cathedral, looking down upon city and countryside, much of the history of England lies spread beneath our feet: the Britons were at work here before the Romans came marching with their stolid legions; here to Ethelbert, Saxon King of Kent, St Augustine preached the gospel of Christ; in the church below, Becket was murdered and the Black Prince buried; to this city, to the shrine of St Thomas, came innumerable pilgrims, one of them our first great English poet; then the crash of the Reformation swept away shrines and pilgrims, the mirk and romance of mediævalism vanished into the mists of history, and the city to-day lives chiefly in the past. Away to

the east and south are the narrow seas, crossed by conquering Romans and Normans, crossed for centuries by a constant stream of travellers from all ends of the earth, citizens of every clime, to some of whom the sight of the English coast was the first glimpse of home, to others the first view of a strange land; away to the north and west are the Medway and the Thames, Rochester and London. From no other tower, perhaps, can so wide a bird's-eye view of our history be obtained; Canterbury is so situated that ever since England has been and as long as England shall be, this city has been and will be a centre of the nation's life.

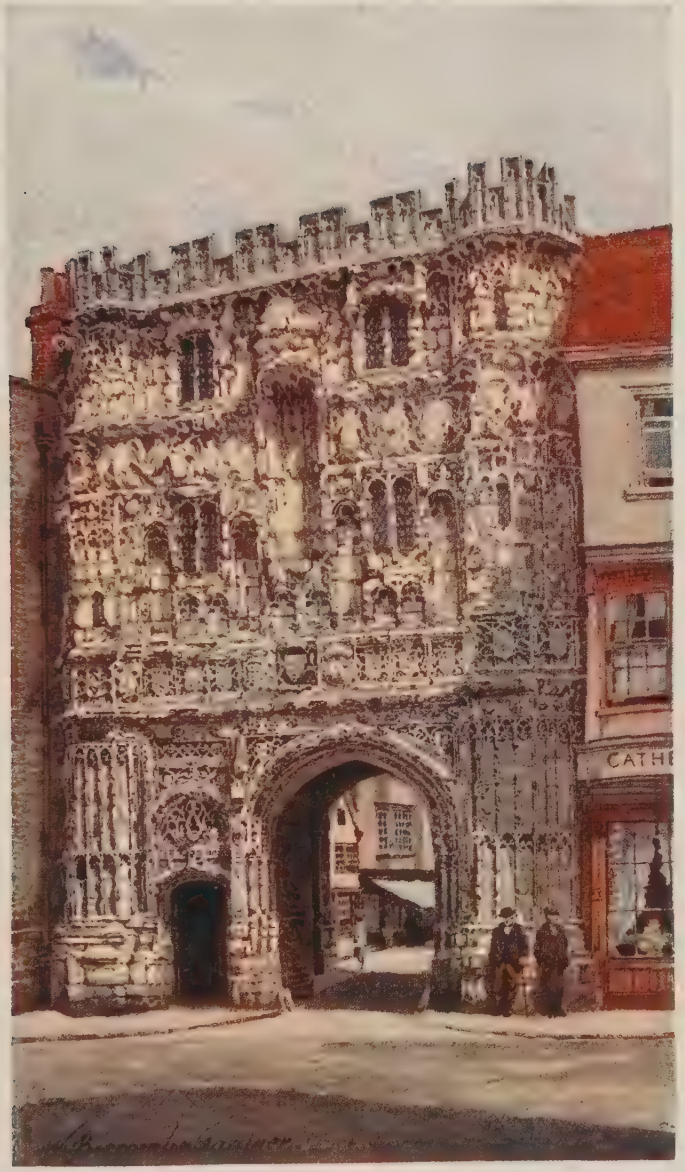
At first entrance to it, Canterbury does not impress with its antiquity; there are, indeed, the ancient Cathedral, ancient gates and ancient houses. But as the sights of the city grow familiar, as its atmosphere enters into our souls, as its story becomes known, gradually and surely we realise that most of what we see now is but youthful compared with the great age of the place; and we feel that when all this of the present day has mouldered to dust, as must all man's works, here will be another city, perhaps even fairer than the one we are looking on, and that the men of those days to come will

wonder and speculate as to the likeness of us of to-day. Canterbury is ancient and beautiful; no place for the mere tourist who fancies that in an hour or two of sight-seeing he can learn to know and love her: she is like a beautiful woman, whose charms never stale; like a good woman, ever showing to those who love her some fresh enchantment.

But it is not history—not the story of dead events—that chiefly fascinates us in Canterbury, or, indeed, in any such city; it is the lives of the men who made that history, who took part in those events. Here, as we walk the streets, we think of Augustine, of Thomas, of the Black Prince, of many another; and of many great men of letters—Chaucer, Erasmus, Marlowe, Thackeray, Dickens, Stanley: the first painting for us the Canterbury of his own days, the last that of past times. To understand fully the beauty of such a place, we must allow not only its spirit to enter into us, but we must in our mind's eyes people its ways with those who have walked there aforetime, with the shadows not of the great only but of the humble, who all in their degree helped to the making of history and of this historic city.

It is to the Cathedral that most men, when set down here, first turn their steps; and rightly so. We must not refuse to listen to the voices of its stones, must not look upon them as dull, dead, dumb things; to those who are ready to hear they will always a tale unfold—of beliefs gone beyond recall, of the men whose untiring patience and skill raised for us this splendid monument of the past, of saints and of sinners, of victors and of vanquished. The least advantageous way to attempt the attainment of any true sense of the fascination of Canterbury Cathedral is to enter it straightway, intent on seeing rapidly all that it contains of interest; though every stone in its fabric is of interest, almost every charm that it possesses will be lost to those who thus wrongly approach. Rather walk slowly round, entering the close by Christ Church gateway, completed in 1517, sadly battered by time but unspoiled by the hand of the destroying restorer; without stands the monument to Christopher Marlowe, son of the city. But we pass in to the quiet trees and the trim grass; we look up at Bell Harry Tower, the centre of the Cathedral as the Cathedral is of the city. Walk round, not troubling to seek out the name or the record of this portion of the building or of that;

CHRIST CHURCH GATE, CANTERBURY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round by Becket's Crown and the ruins of the Infirmary, by the Dark Entry and so out into Green Court.

The face of Nature never grows so familiar to us that we know her every tone and expression; so is it with some of the handiworks of man—with this Cathedral, for instance. Great changes are wrought in its aspect by the seasons of the year, by daylight, by the lights of night, by sunrise and by sunset; changes which every man may see; and slight yet never insignificant changes are touched in upon the picture by every passing cloud that casts a shadow upon the grey towers and walls, by every snowflake that finds a lodgment on its countless graven stones; changes which only the few who love will discern.

In visiting the interior the usual course pursued by visitors is curious and unsatisfactory, leaving but a confused impression upon those who have not read the story of the building, and killing what may be called its humanity. Of course, the traveller who desires to see as much as possible in the shortest possible time must not complain if he sees much and understands little; but those who have sufficient time at their disposal will do well to make several short visits rather than one of

prolonged duration, each visit being devoted to a specific end. The two principal points of interest are the history of the fabric, and the martyrdom or murder of St Thomas à Becket, with its consequences.

THE STORY OF THE CATHEDRAL

To the eye of the expert the buildings of any ancient church or cathedral tell their story with simplicity and directness. Even to the eye of the inexpert in such matters, it is at once apparent that Canterbury is a growth of long ages, the handiwork of many generations of builders. The grey weather-beaten exterior, with its varied architecture, is evidently not the design of any single brain, and the dim, religious aisles and chapels echo with hints of memories of architects and masons into whose various hands came the glory of carrying on the work which their forefathers had begun and left for them to continue or to complete.

It is believed that on this same site there stood once a Roman or British church, which was granted to Augustine by Ethelbert, and by him consecrated and reconsecrated "in the name of the

Saviour, our God and Lord Jesus Christ, and there he established an habitation for himself, and for all his successors"; in short, he founded the monastery of Christ Church. To this church additions were made by Archbishop Odo toward the end of the tenth century, concerning whom is narrated a pretty monkish legend: "The roof of Christ Church had become rotten from excessive age, and rested throughout upon half-shattered pieces: wherefore he set about to reconstruct it, and being also desirous of giving to the walls a more aspiring altitude, he directed his assembled workmen to remove altogether the disjointed structure above, and commanded them to supply the deficient height of the walls by raising them. But because it was absolutely necessary that the Divine Service should not be interrupted, and no temple could be found sufficiently capacious to receive the multitude of the people, the archbishop prayed to Heaven that until the work should be completed, neither rain nor wind might be suffered to intrude within the walls of the church, so as to prevent the performance of the service. And so it came to pass: for during three years in which the walls of the church were being carried upwards, the whole building remained open to the sky; yet did no

rain fall either within the church, or even within the walls of the city, that could impede the clergy standing in the church in the performance of their duty, or restrain the people from coming even to the beginning of it. And truly it was a sight worth seeing, to behold the space beyond the walls of the city drenched with water, while the walls themselves remained perfectly dry."[1]

Of this Saxon building it is not likely that there are any remnants in the present church, though it is barely possible that there are some relics of it in the west wall of the crypt.

When Alphege was archbishop, in the year 1011, the Danes attacked the city, sacked it, slaughtered the citizens, the while the monks sought refuge in the church. The archbishop went forth to utter an appeal to the marauders, who however, turning a deaf ear to his entreaties for mercy, seized and bound him: "Then these children of Satan piled barrels one upon another, and set them on fire, designing thus to burn the roof. Already the heat of the flames began to melt the lead, which

[1] Edmer, who was a boy in the monastic school in the time of Lanfranc, in *The Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral*, by Professor R. Willis, M.A., F.R.S., a work to which all subsequent writers about Canterbury Cathedral owe a deep debt.

ran down inside." Driven from their sanctuary, the wretched monks went out to their death, only four of them escaping. Alphege was carried away to prison and to torture, and, after seven months, was put to death at Greenwich. Years after, the saint's body was restored to his own church.

Fire without the sword wrought havoc in 1067, when "the devouring flames consumed nearly all that was there preserved most precious, whether in ornaments of gold, of silver, or of other materials, or in sacred and profane books." Three years later when Lanfranc, Abbot of Caen, became archbishop, he found himself without a cathedral, and set to with vigour to restore the monastery and the church. In seven years he had raised a fair, new edifice upon the site of the wrecked building. "But before this work began, he commanded that the bodies of the saints, which were buried in the eastern part of the church, should be removed to the western part, where the oratory of the blessed Virgin Mary stood. Wherefore, after a three days' fast, the bodies of those most precious priests of the Lord, Dunstan and Alphege were raised, and in the presence of an innumerable multitude, conveyed to their destined place of interment, and there decently buried. To which I, Edmer,

THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL, CANTERBURY

can bear witness, for I was then a boy at the school."

Under the high altar of the old church the relics of St Wilfrid were found, and eventually buried to the north of the altar in the new building. Here may be quoted another story told us by Edmer: "In our own time, it happened to one of the elder brethren of the church, Alfroin by name, who filled the office of sacrist, that he, on the night of the festival of St Wilfrid, was resting in a certain lofty place in the church, outside the choir, and before an altar, above which, at that time, the relics of the blessed Wilfrid were deposited in a shrine. There, as he lay between sleeping and waking, he saw the church filled with light, and angelic persons performing the service, and beheld those whose duty it was to read or sing, ascend the cochlea or winding-stair, and ask a blessing before the altar and body of the blessed man, which done, they straightway descended, returned, and resumed the usual office of the church with all solemnity."

Are not these stories quaint and simple, these told us by the old monks, with their simple faith? They dreamed dreams in those days and called them heavenly visions. To-day we attribute all

our dreams to earthly causes. Who knows whether they or we are the wiser?

Of Lanfranc's work there are most likely no further remains than some portions of the walls of the nave, of the Martyrdom and of the splendid crypt.

Under Anselm, Prior Ernulf continued Lanfranc's work, by pulling down the eastern part and rebuilding it with far greater splendour. So magnificent was it that "nothing like it could be seen in England, either for the brilliancy of its glass windows, the beauty of its marble pavement, or the many coloured pictures which led the wandering eyes to the very summit of the ceiling."

Ernulf was succeeded by Conrad, who completed the chancel, "the glorious choir of Conrad." In 1130 the beautiful church was dedicated by Archbishop William. Never since the days of the dedication of the Temple of Solomon, so the story runs, had so famous a dedication been heard of in all the world.

Yet again did fire conquer and destroy; and once again it will be best to quote from the monkish chronicler, this time from Gervase, who was witness of the destruction.[1]

[1] Willis, as quoted *supra*.

"In the year of grace one thousand one hundred and seventy-four, by the just but occult judgment of God, the church of Christ at Canterbury was consumed by fire. . . . Now the manner of the burning . . . . was as follows. In the aforesaid year, on the nones of September, at almost the ninth hour, and during an extraordinarily violent south wind, a fire broke out before the gate of the church, and outside the walls of the monastery. . . . From thence, while the citizens were assembling and subduing the fire, cinders and sparks carried aloft by the high wind were deposited upon the church, and being driven by the fury of the wind between the joints of the lead, remained there amongst the half-rotten planks, and shortly glowing with increasing heat, set fire to the rotten rafters; from thence the fire was communicated to the larger beams and their braces, no one yet perceiving or helping. For the well-painted ceiling below, and the sheet-lead covering above, concealed between them the fire that had arisen within. . . . But the beams and braces burning, the flames rose to the slopes of the roof; and the sheets of lead yielded to the increasing heat and began to melt. Thus the raging wind, finding a freer entrance, increased the fury of the fire; and the flames

beginning to show themselves, a cry arose in the churchyard: 'See! see! the church is on fire.'

"Then the people and the monks assemble in haste; they draw water, they brandish their hatchets, they run up the stairs full of eagerness to save the church, already, alas! beyond their help. But when they reach the roof and perceive the black smoke and scorching flames that pervade it throughout, they abandon the attempt in despair, and, thinking only of their own safety, make all haste to descend.

"And now that the fire had loosened the beams from the pegs that bound them together, the half-burnt timbers fell into the choir below upon the seats of the monks; the seats, consisting of a great mass of wood-work, caught fire, and thus the mischief grew worse and worse. And it was marvellous, though sad, to behold how that glorious choir itself fed and assisted the fire that was destroying it. For the flames multiplied by this mass of timber, and extending upwards full fifteen cubits, scorched and burnt the walls, and more especially injured the columns of the church.

"And now the people ran to the ornaments of the church, and began to tear down the pallia and the curtains, some that they might save, but some

to steal them. The reliquary chests were thrown down from the high beam and thus broken, and the contents scattered; but the monks collected them and carefully preserved them from the fire. Some there were, who, inflamed with a wicked and diabolical cupidity, feared not to appropriate to themselves the things of the church, which they had saved from the fire.

"In this manner the house of God, hitherto delightful as a paradise of pleasures, was now made a despicable heap of ashes, reduced to a dreary wilderness, and laid open to all the injuries of the weather.

"The people were astonished that the Almighty should suffer such things, and maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and His saints, the patrons of the church; and many, both of laity and monks, would rather have laid down their lives than that the church should have so miserably perished."

It was worth quoting this account almost in full both for its vividness and vigour, and for the incidental details given of the structure; but the account of the rebuilding must be summarised,

full as it is of picturesque and graphic touches. For some time nothing was accomplished in the way of restoration; the roof of the choir was, of course, entirely gone, and all the columns were in a dangerous condition. A French architect, William of Sens, was called in to advise. He was an active, handy man, skilful and resourceful, and the carrying out of the work was entrusted to him. The ruins were cleared away, stone procured from beyond the Channel, sculptors and masons assembled, and a commencement made in September 1174. For over four years William of Sens worked diligently, when by a terrible fall he was "rendered helpless alike to himself and for the work, but no other person than himself was in the least injured. Against the master only was the vengeance of God or spite of the devil directed." How closely in touch with God—or the devil—were those men of old!

William the first, rendered helpless by his injuries, after a brave struggle returned to France, and was succeeded by William the second: "English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest." It was not until 1184 that the new choir and some of the adjacent buildings were completed, and it

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL, CANTERBURY

is these that we view to-day. But some five years after the disastrous fire, the eager monks urged on the builders, being filled with a longing to celebrate Easter in the new choir. William the second worked manfully toward this end. On Easter Eve fire was lit and consecrated in the cloister, then carried in solemnity, with the singing of hymns and burning of incense, into the church, and the Paschal candle lit therewith.

The next great undertaking was the destruction of Lanfranc's nave in 1378. The Norman's work seems to have fallen into desperate disrepair. Archbishop Sudbury appealing for public help, "issued a mandate addressed to all ecclesiastical persons in his diocese enjoining them to solicit subscriptions for rebuilding the nave of the church, 'propter ipsius notoriam et evidentem ruinam,'" and promising forty days' indulgence to all who subscribed. Nowadays we should hold a bazaar. The works were not completed until 1411, under Archbishop Arundel, who contributed a thousand marks and the five bells known as the Arundell ryng. But it was not the archbishops in person but Prior Chillenden who actually carried out the rebuilding, becoming Prior in 1390 and dying in the same year that his task was completed. Practically nothing

of Lanfranc's nave remains; it was pulled down wholesale, and the existing nave, transepts, and portions of Bell Harry raised.

With the building of the towers it is better to deal when we come to walk round the exterior of the church.

So it will be seen, and more clearly understood as we wander round the interior, that Canterbury Cathedral sets before us the history of English ecclesiastical architecture. From Norman down to late Decorated, all styles are exemplified here, often most beautifully. From these historic stones echo back not only the voices of the great dead—warriors, kings and priests—but the noise of chisel and hammer and axe wielded by pious hands of those who in their humble sphere lived to the glory of God and of His Church.

The Interior

The best way to obtain a fair view of the beautiful proportions of the nave and of the most striking picture of the interior of the church, is to enter by the south-west door or porch. Here in Saxon days courts of law were held, cases being tried which could not be referred to other courts. Prior Chillenden about 1400 built the

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

The Chapel of "Our Lady" in the Undercroft

present fine porch; he was a man of energy, and to him and to those whom he inspired to do his biddings Canterbury owes a great debt. Erasmus has described for us the figures that used to occupy the panel above the entrance, the effigies of Becket's murderers, who, he says, go down to the ages with much the same ill-name as that which pertains to Pilate, Judas and Caiaphas. Some vague fragments of the carving still survive, including an altar, probably that of the Martyrdom. In the vaulting of the porch are various coats-of-arms, among them those of the Sees of Canterbury and Chichester, and of the kingdoms of England and of France. In accordance with an idea suggested by Dean Alford, some of the niches here and on the west front have been filled in recent days with statues of men of note who in one way or another have been connected with the history of the Cathedral.

They are solemn stones, or rather it is solemn ground this, over which we pass, "where the saints have trod"—saints, soldiers, ecclesiastics, Christians all in their several degrees, from dim Saxon days down to this present moment.

Now, we enter the nave.

Somewhat cold, somewhat unearthly almost, is

the impression made by the forest of pillars rising through the clerestory to the vaulted roof; stretching away to the central tower—Bell Harry—where light shines down into the gloom. A beautiful place wherein to rest and dream dreams of the past. All now is grey, but in bygone ages the great church blazed with colours; paintings and rich hangings adorned the walls; there were numberless altars with their tiny points of light, and all was enriched and at the same time mellowed by the splendour shed upon pavement and pillar from the "storied windows richly dight." Who shall say whether the change from pomp to simplicity be for better or for worse? As with so many other matters in this opinionative world, it all depends upon the point of view; doubtless to the stern ascetic the rule that now obtains is for the best; upon the superstitious pilgrim of old the glories of the past assuredly had their influence. Yet, why think of what has gone, when that which remains is so worthy?

The nave dates from about 1378 to 1411, in which last year the builder of it, the aforementioned Prior Chillenden, died, "who after nobly ruling as Prior of this church for twenty years twenty-five weeks and five days," says his

epitaph, as given by Willis, "at length on the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary closed his last day." As it was written of Christopher Wren, so here it might be of Chillenden—"If monument be asked for, look around." The architecture here is Perpendicular, contrasting exquisitely with the early work of the choir; it is no new simile—but there is no call to provide a new when the old is so good—to say that these splendid pillars, rising from their firm, fixed roots in the stony floor and springing up into the grey heights far above, strike deep upon the imagination as being akin to the glorious pillars of a stately forest.

A curious and oft-repeated error is to say that Canterbury is unique among churches, in that from the nave we look *up* to the choir, the latter being raised on the crypt. A precisely similar cause and effect are to be found, for example, at Worcester.

The stained glass which once adorned the nave, is gone, smashed by zealous Puritans, and all of olden colour that we now see is in the great west window, compiled of fragments from those that have departed.

Of the tombs and monuments in the nave the most noteworthy are in the north aisle—those of

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Charles the First's famous organist, Orlando Gibbons; of Sir John Boys, founder of the hospital for the poor near the North Gate of the city; and the altar tomb of Archbishop Sumner. Also to be noted, a window to the memory of Dean Stanley, sometime canon of the Cathedral and writer of that famous work, *Historical Memorials of Canterbury.*

As we stand in the choir of to-day, we would indeed be of dull imagination did we not see and drink in the poetic beauty of such a growth as this, beautiful in its association with the centuries, with countless thousands of worshippers; beautiful intrinsically and as a record of faithful labour, of splendid artistry, of devout perseverance. There are other cathedral choirs more perfect as specimens of one or other style of architecture, but not one more hallowed by sacred and stirring memories. Here stands Norman and Early English work side by side, melting, as historically they did, from one into the other; the work of French and English hands and brains. Here the mind is forcibly carried back to the far, dim ages, when on this very ground the rude Saxons worshipped—this ground which Augustine found already dedicated to the worship of Christ, upon which he reared his new temple,

IN THE NAVE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL AFTER EVENSONG

where ever since has sounded the chanting of the monks and of sweet-voiced choirs.

One unusual structural feature at once strikes even the usually unobservant; the trend inward of the walls as they reach toward the east, accounted for by the builders having to accommodate themselves to the two towers of St Anselm and St Andrew, left undestroyed by the great fire which called for the rebuilding of the choir. It is not possible to say with any degree of surety at what point the work of French William ended and was succeeded by that of English William; and, indeed, it is most probable that the latter worked from and completed the designs of the former. Striking, however, is the exquisite contrast in the combination of the French stone from Caen and the English Purbeck marble. Glorious as was the choir of Conrad, this that succeeded to it is far more beautiful and, of course, more ornate. The mouldings are very varied—billet-work, dog-tooth, zigzag and so forth, Norman intermixed with the succeeding style. Gervase states that "The old capitals were plain, the new are most artistically sculptured. The old arches and everything else either plain, or sculptured with an axe and not with a chisel; but in the new work first-rate sculpture

abounded everywhere. In the old work no marble shafts, in the new innumerable ones." But excellent work in stone can be executed with the axe in skilful, practised hands—easy tools do not necessarily mean fine output; and Willis points out the interesting fact that down to his day at any rate French masons used the axe "with great dexterity in carving."

A noteworthy feature of the triforium is the curious conjuncture of an outer round-headed arch enclosing two that are pointed, again a mingling of the Norman and Early English styles. To quote Willis yet again, this "may have arisen either from the indifference of the artist as to the mixture of forms, or else from deliberate contrivance; for as he was compelled, from the nature of his work, to retain round-headed arcades, windows, and arches in the side-aisles, and yet was accustomed to and desirous of employing pointed arches in his new building, he might discreetly mix some round-headed arches with them, in order to make the contrast less offensive by causing the mixture of forms to pervade the whole composition, as if an intentional principle." Commentators are very fond of reading into the works of dead and gone writers, in particular into the plays and poems of

Shakespeare, thoughts and speculations and intentions entirely alien to past ages. Is it not more than likely that architectural critics fall not seldom into the same blunder? Probably the sheer truth concerning these old builders is that they builded better than they knew, and that we with the light of later and present days attribute to design what was the result of inadvertence. But why analyse and speculate? Let us be thankful for what we have received; if it be justifiable to say grace before books, how much more so to return thanks for these pictures drawn in stone.

Around the choir stands the screen of Prior Henry de Estria, dating from about 1305, at least partly his handiwork; and noteworthy is the Norman doorway.

The altar stands high, situated as it is above the later and loftier portion of the crypt. Rich indeed it must have been in pre-Reformation days, glowing with its costly and precious vessels; in a grated vault beneath it, the treasury of gold and silver, which would have made Crœsus and Midas feel poor, so says Erasmus. Most of this splendour was swept up by the greedy hands of Henry VIII., the "professional widower" and equally professional thief, and what of beauty this sinner

left undespoiled was destroyed by Puritan saints. The present altar is rich, but not religiously impressive.

The vast difference between the Christianity of mediæval times and of the days that followed the Reformation cannot be more forcibly emphasised than by recalling that this choir, now the centre of a simple ritual, was then one of the most famous homes of relic worship. To the new choir when ready to receive them were restored—they had stood in its predecessor—the remains of St Dunstan and of St Alphege, "the co-exiles of the monks." Says Gervase: "Prior Alan, taking with him nine of the brethren of the Church in whom he could trust, went by night to the tombs of the saints, so that he might not be incommoded by a crowd, and having locked the doors of the church, he commanded the stone-work that enclosed them to be taken down. The monks and servants of the Church, in obedience to the Prior's commands, took the structure to pieces, opened the stone coffins of the saints, and bore their relics to the *vestiarium*. Then, having removed the cloths in which they had been wrapped, and which were half-consumed from age and rottenness, they covered them with other and more handsome palls,

and bound them with linen bands. They bore the saints, thus prepared, to their altars, and deposited them in wooden chests, covered within and without with lead; which chests, thus lead-covered, and strongly bound with iron, were enclosed in stone-work that was consolidated with melted lead." There is eloquent evidence of the morality of the times in that "in whom he could trust"; thefts of relics were common enough, and monks earned high recompense for showing themselves successful "cracksmen."

Indeed, the bones of the saints were often the cause of bad blood between communities of Christians, who preached to others peace and good-will among men. These very relics of St Dunstan are a case very much to the point. The monks of Glastonbury denied that Canterbury possessed them at all, saying that they had been conveyed thence to Glastonbury when the Danes had sacked the metropolitan church. In 1508 Archbishop Warham, little foreseeing the near approach of these days when saints' relics would not any longer be a valuable property, answered this claim by opening the shrine, wherein lay fragments of a human body, and on the heart a leaden plate bearing the words SANCTUS DUNSTANUS. The

Abbot of Glastonbury, however, refused to be convinced or to be comforted, at last pitiably confessing that "the people had believed in the genuineness of their saint for so long" that he was afraid to speak the truth to them! When the tomb was laid open, the skull of the saint was removed from it, set in a silver reliquary, and added to the other relics that were displayed to wondering though not always credulous pilgrims. Among these other relics may be named the right arm of Jesus Christ, some of the clay from which Adam was created and portions of Aaron's rod. Wonderful are the abuses of credulity.

Of the shrine or altar of St Dunstan, destroyed at the Reformation, on the south of the great altar, some Decorated diaper work is all the remnant; of that of St Alphege, which probably stood opposite, there remains not a trace.

There are many tombs here which may well give us pause, for in them lie buried many of the great ecclesiastical rulers of days gone by. Hard by where stood the altar of St Dunstan, sleeps Simon of Sudbury, archbishop from 1375 to 1381. He was one of those enlightened few who protested against the evil resulting from the promiscuous concourse of pilgrims that resorted to the shrine of St Thomas.

Let Dean Stanley tell us the story: "In the year of the fourth jubilee, 1370, the pilgrims were crowding as usual along the great London road to Canterbury, when they were overtaken by Simon of Sudbury, at that time Bishop of London, but afterwards Primate, and well known for his munificent donations to the walls and towers of the town of Canterbury. He was a bold and vigorous prelate; his spirit was stirred within him at the sight of what he deemed a mischievous superstition, and he openly told them that the plenary indulgence which they hoped to gain by their visit to the holy city would be of no avail to them. Such a doctrine from such an authority fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of the vast multitude. Many were struck dumb; others lifted up their voices and cursed him to his face, with the characteristic prayer that he might meet with a shameful death. One especially, a Kentish gentleman—by name, Thomas of Aldon—rode straight up to him, in towering indignation, and said, 'My Lord Bishop, for this act of yours, stirring the people to sedition against St Thomas, I stake the salvation of my soul that you will close your life by a most terrible death'; to which the vast concourse answered, 'Amen, Amen.' The curse, it

was believed, prevailed. The *vox populi*, so the chronicler expressly asserts, turned out to be the *vox Dei*. 'From the beginning of the world it never has been heard that any one ever injured the Cathedral of Canterbury, and was not punished by the Lord.' Eleven years from that time, the populace of London not unnaturally imagined that the rights of St Thomas were avenged, when they saw the unfortunate Primate dragged out of the Tower, and beheaded by the Kentish rebels under Wat Tyler. His head was taken to his native place, Sudbury, where it is still preserved. His body was buried in the tomb, still to be seen on the south side of the choir of the Cathedral, where not many years ago, when it was accidentally opened, the body was seen within, wrapped in cerecloth, the vacant space of the head occupied by a leaden ball."

Archbishop Stratford (1333–48) lies to the west of the above, a monument sadly defaced. It was he who rendered weighty service to Edward III., when the monarch looked upon him with unfavourable eye, considering that it was his advice that had caused his, the King's, troubles. The archbishop fled from London, seeking refuge at Canterbury. He preached a pathetic sermon to

the multitudinous congregation that had flocked into the Cathedral, concluding by excommunicating the King's evil advisers. When the last words were spoken, the torches that struggled with the gloom were put out; the bell was tolled; the people scattered in confusion. So great was the power and awe of holy church in those days that this proceeding of the archbishop's proved powerfully effective and the King's hand was stayed.

Then there is the tomb of Cardinal Kemp, archbishop from 1452–54, with a curious wooden canopy. He was at Agincourt with Henry V.

On the north side, noticeable is the monument to Archbishop Chichele, founder of the colleges of St John and of All Souls, Oxford, by the fellows of which latter college his tomb is kept in repair. The effigy of the living man is gruesomely put in conjunction with a grisly skeleton in a winding sheet; to the mediæval mind death was almost disgustingly horrible. It was he who aided and abetted Henry V. in his preposterous claim upon the throne of France, which prosaic plea has been turned into poetry by Shakespeare in Scene 2 Act I. of *The Life of King Henry the Fifth.*

Then of much more recent date, William Howley (1828–48), who so bitterly opposed the Roman

Catholic Relief Bill and the Reform Bill, which brought him disfavour with the good citizens of Canterbury. He crowned Queen Victoria, and performed the marriage ceremony of the Prince Consort.

Archbishop Bourchier (1454–86) also lies here; who was visited by the Maronite Patriarch of Antioch, Peter II., with his camels and his dromedaries, and who left to the church "one image of the Holy Trinity of pure gold, with the diadem, and xj balassers, x saphires, and xliiij gems called perlys."

Then proceeding toward the east we enter the Trinity Chapel, standing upon the same site as the old chapel of the same name.

But it is not our purpose here to write in detail the story of Canterbury Cathedral; it can be found elsewhere by those who desire it; all our aim is to tell sufficient of it and in such manner as to make the building a living thing, not the dead mass to which it is too often reduced by guides and guide-books.

To the skill and genius of English William we owe the Trinity Chapel, where stood the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury, now but a memory, where still stands the tomb of Edward the Black

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

Edward the Black Prince's Tomb in Trinity Chapel

Prince, who, in his will, laid it down that he should be buried in the crypt, but here in the brighter light he lies. A splendid figure of romance he was—a great fighter, and, as such, beloved of his race; the boy victor of Cressy; the conqueror at Poitiers, where the French King became his captive; in his life the glory of his country, by his untimely death leaving it to anarchy and civil war. A great figure of a man, a name resonant in history, yet on the whole one of the least effective of our princes in that his work lasted not. We stand by his tomb, looking upon his effigy which is life-like in its strength. "There he lies: no other memorial of him exists in the world so authentic. There he lies, as he had directed, in full armour, his head resting on his helmet, his feet with the likeness of 'the spurs he won' at Cressy, his hands joined as in that last prayer which he had offered up on his death-bed." That prayer which he uttered when the evil spirit, the lust of revenge, departed from him: "I give Thee thanks, O God, for all Thy benefits, and with all the pains of my soul I humbly beseech Thy mercy to give me remission of those sins I have wickedly committed against Thee; and of all mortal men whom, willingly or ignorantly, I have offended,

with all my heart I desire forgiveness." He died on Trinity Sunday in the forty-sixth year of his age. Above the canopy hang his gauntlets, his helm, his velvet coat that once blazed with the arms of England and of France, and the empty scabbard of his sword. We stand by this tomb, and all the horror, brutalities, cruelties of those cruel days are forgotten, and the air resounds with echoes of the trumpets of chivalry.

Close by lie Henry IV. and his second queen, Joan of Navarre; in 1832 the tomb was opened, and the body of the King found in strangely perfect preservation: "the nose elevated; the beard thick and matted, and of a deep russet colour; and the jaws perfect, with all the teeth in them except one fore-tooth." Hard by is the small chapel founded by the King, "a chauntre perpetuall with twey prestis for to sing and prey for my soul"; but their voices are hushed.

Here also are the monuments of Odo Coligny, brother of the famous admiral, and of Archbishop Courtenay (1381–96); he gave munificently to the building and its adornment; he was the judge before whom Wiclif was arraigned, and found no pity in his heart for the reformer's disciples.

Fortune has spared for us three of the interest-

ing thirteenth-century windows in this chapel, and they well repay study. The rest were smashed amid the ruinous havoc decreed by Henry VIII., which is described elsewhere. The pictures are of scenes connected with the miracles wrought by the dead saint, with representations of his first tomb in the crypt below and of his later shrine in this very chapel.

Becket's Crown forms the easternmost portion of the Cathedral. The old-time explanation that this chapel was so named as having contained once a part shorn off from the saint's skull by the sword of one of his murderers, can scarcely be correct. On the north stands the tomb of Cardinal Archbishop Pole (1556–58), who died but two-and-twenty hours after his cousin and patron, Queen Mary ; and, in the centre, the chair of St Augustine, carved out of three pieces of Purbeck marble. By some it has been called the chair of St Ethelbert, saying that himself used it as a throne, and, after his conversion, gave it to the greater saint. Others, more cautious, hold that it dates only from the Translation of St Thomas in 1220. Indeed, it is a question of "may-be" and "may-not-be," such an one as delights the hearts of militant archæologists.

St Andrew's and St Anselm's towers, both Prior

Ernulf's work, stand opposite each other on the north and south sides of the Trinity Chapel, and are sturdy survivors of the great fire that destroyed Conrad's choir. Dividing St Anselm's tower from the aisle is the beautiful altar tomb of Archbishop Simon de Mepham (1328–33), with ornate canopy, who, so it is said, died of a broken heart, the Pope siding with Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, in his quarrel with the archbishop. At the east end of this chapel stood the altar of St Peter and St Paul, behind which St Anselm was buried. Of the saintly figures connected with the Cathedral, that of Anselm is one of the most fascinating; a personality purely mediæval in its saintly piety and its sturdy, unbreakable upholding of the rights of mother church against the encroachments of the temporal powers. After a life of turmoil and trial, he died here in Canterbury, and sleeps in this chapel that bears his name. Above is the watching chamber, where nightly and night-long a monk stood keeping watch and ward over the treasures of the shrine of St Thomas. At least this is one account of the uses made of this chamber—but there are others. But with whatever object it may have been, there can be small doubt that for one purpose or another a watcher

was stationed there at night; solemn his task and his vigil, yet not without its moments of beauty, as all know who have wandered in a vast cathedral, when the moon pours its dim, misty light through the great windows.

Journeying westward we come to the south choir transept, in the two apses of which there used to stand altars to St Gregory and St John, and here the admirable work of the piscinas and credence tables is well worthy of examination. Here, under the south window, which is a memorial to Dean Alford, lies Archbishop Winchelsea (1294–1313), who was regarded by the poor as a saint on account of his profuse almsgiving. On the north side of the building is the companion transept, where the altars in the two apses were dedicated to St Martin and St Stephen. The white marble altar tomb of Archbishop Tait (1861–82) stands here, erected in 1885, the effigy being the work of Sir Edgar Boehm. While Tait was archbishop the Cathedral was yet again attacked by fire, on September 3, 1872. Bell Harry rang out the alarm; clouds of heavy smoke circled up from the roof of the Trinity Chapel, obscuring the beautiful outlines of the Angel Tower. An hour and a half elapsed before a

supply of water was obtained and brought to bear upon the flames. Havoc was wrought to the roof, molten lead poured down into the edifice, but at last the fire was conquered and the church rescued from the threatened repetition of the disaster that had destroyed Conrad's choir. *Te Deum* was sung that afternoon from full hearts.

The two western transepts are the building of Prior Chillenden. Opening out of the southern is the chapel of St Michael or the Warrior's Chapel, built by whom is uncertain, but, according to Willis, probably by Chillenden. The tomb here of Archbishop Stephen Langton is curious: in shape like a coffin of stone, half of it in the chapel and half under the eastern wall. It was Cardinal Archbishop Langton who forced Magna Charta from King John, and who divided the Bible into chapters—both permanent works. In the centre of this chapel is the beautiful sepulchre of Lady Margaret Holland (d. 1437) and her two husbands, John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset (d. 1410), and Thomas, Duke of Clarence (d. 1420), the lady thus surviving her second husband by some seventeen years. The monument is of marble and alabaster, and the three effigies of striking interest.

Then through the passage beneath the steps of

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The Warrior's Chapel, looking Westward

the choir into the transept of the Martyrdom. There remains here little, if anything, that was seen by Becket's eyes. Here lie buried Archbishop Peckham (1279–92), an interesting monument, and Archbishop Warham (1503–32). The latter was notable—among other things—for his lavish hospitality, and for spending an immense sum upon his palace at Otford, money which he would have lavished upon Canterbury had not the citizens indiscreetly quarrelled with him. He was the friend of Colet and Erasmus, of whose visit here we shall have something to say later on. To the east of this transept is the Lady Chapel, built by Prior Goldstone, the fan-vaulting of which is rich and beautiful.

We may now descend into the crypt, so ending our brief survey of the interior of the Cathedral. This crypt, which we owe to Prior Ernulf, subsequently Bishop of Rochester, is most impressive in its massiveness, its Norman sturdiness, the square bases of the round pillars, the ponderous capitals; the roof, which seems as though too heavy even for such strong supports; the narrow, round-headed windows. The carving, executed after the capitals were put in place, is worthy of note—rough and ready, but thoroughly characteristic. In that portion of the

crypt beneath the south transept a French service is still celebrated, an institution which dates from about 1575, when many Protestants sought refuge in Canterbury. They were weavers for the most part, but neither in their works nor their speech do they now survive, though many families of French lineage and name live here still. In the centre of the crypt was the altar and chapel of the Virgin, once glorious with riches, now a dismal desolation, unfrequented, a shadow of a cult no longer here followed. Close by lies buried Cardinal Morton of the famous "fork," and in the beautiful screen is the tomb of Lady Mohun of Dunster. There is something creepy, uncanny, about these tombs lying dark beneath the mass of building above, something fateful as compared with a grave in some quiet village churchyard. Then there is the chapel of St Gabriel, with the tomb of the Countess of Athol of Chilham Castle (1292), defaced of its splendours. Ernulf's work ends where the crypt suddenly assumes loftier proportions in the easternmost part built by William the Englishman; here Becket was first buried, here he slept until his remains were translated to the gorgeous shrine in the church above. Here, too, have been found bones, including a skull with

marks of violence, which may be, which may not be, the martyr's. Not only is this eastern portion of the crypt loftier, but also lighter in its architectural features: the Norman style has vanished, we have here very early Early English, pointed arches, circular capitals, the beginning of "sweetness and light."

The Exterior

There is a passage in *The Stones of Venice* that should be in everyone's mind when walking in any cathedral close: "Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick,

indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the Cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids." Is not the atmosphere exactly caught and held? Then, as did Ruskin, look on the Cathedral itself. Up high soars the beautiful central tower, now known as Bell Harry, but once and better called the Angel Steeple. Of this perfect building the beginning was in 1433, under Prior Molash, and after delays and intermissions it was brought to completeness by Prior Goldstone, of whose handiwork it has been written: "He vaulted it with a most beautiful vault, and with excellent and artistic workmanship, in every part sculptured and gilt, with ample windows glazed and ironed. He also with great care and industry annexed to the columns which support the same tower two arches or vaults of stone-work, curiously carved, and four smaller ones to assist in sustaining

THE WEST TOWERS AND SOUTH-WEST ENTRANCE TO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

the said tower"—a remarkable feature of the interior. The west front of the Cathedral is flanked by two towers: the south-west known as the Chichele or Oxford tower, basely imitated by the north-west tower—the Arundel—which dates from 1834, when Lanfranc's work was destroyed.

In the close we must try to forget the present day. When we go to Canterbury to see the Cathedral, when that is practically all in all to us, we must endeavour to call back the past, to put back the "horologe of time," to remember that this fine pile was once the busy centre of a great monastic community, of whose buildings there are many interesting remnants, stone records crumbling away. St Augustine, who founded this powerful monastery, was a Benedictine. The rules were severe, enjoining silence, work, and divine worship. The monastery flourished, and when Lanfranc was appointed archbishop by the Conqueror, its fortunes received a great impetus from the ambitious prelate. It was not only the church that showed the marks of his strong hand but the monastic buildings also, which he surrounded with a great wall. He added to the riches of the community and to the number of the monks, whom he endeavoured to bring back to strict obedience to

their rule; he encouraged learning and literary work; he placed the governance of the monastery in the hands of a prior instead of the archbishop, as heretofore. The monastery, as the years went by, grew more powerful, more rich, more proud, achieving much work of splendid usefulness, some of no use at all. And then came Henry VIII. The buildings inside the monastery walls were numerous—the church, the chapter-house, the cloisters; the dormitories, the buttery, the kitchen, the dining-hall, the infirmary, store-houses and bakeries, stables, houses of entertainment for guests of high and low degree—a beehive of industrious monks. What remains of it all? But little; the memory of a greatness gone for ever—a few buildings, some ruins. These are the picturesque ruins of the infirmary adjoining the east end of the Cathedral, portions of its hall and of the chapel attached to its east end, so that the sick might not be deprived of the solace of the service of God. There is a lovely view of the Cathedral through the fine archway that still stands. Passing westward we come to the Dark Entry, which, turning to the right, takes us to Green Court: it is a dark, gruesome passage, meet for the habitation of the ghost whose history has been sung by Ingoldsby; but it is

RUINS OF THE INFIRMARY, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

beautiful also. Close by is the Baptistry, as the Lavatory Tower is now miscalled, which nestles snugly against the Cathedral, whence was distributed the supply of water to the various buildings. Green Court is worthy a visit for its own picturesque sake, but above all because it contains one of the most delightful specimens of Norman architecture, the magnificent staircase leading up to the King's School; there are those who say that the Normans built splendidly, but not beautifully, to whom this one work is sufficient answer. Of the chapter-house, what can we say save that the hand of the restorer has been laid heavily upon it?—translator-traitor we have been told; we may say with almost equal truth, restorer-destroyer. And then we may go into the cloisters, which next after the church was the centre of monastic life. The present cloister is chiefly the work of Prior Chillenden, but traces of many periods are to be found—Norman, Early English and Perpendicular. Do not hurry here; it is a place in which to loiter, examining its many beauties, watching the Cathedral the while; as the white clouds sail behind the great tower, or as the storm darkens the day. The lightning flashes, the thunder rolls and mutters, and as the mirk grows deeper and

deeper, as though night were upon us—what do we hear? The echoes from long ago of the cries of terror-stricken men, the imperious tones of a haughty priest, the shouts and clamour of armed men. We have travelled back to the dark night of December 29, in the year 1170, the night of Becket's murder. There have been penned many accounts of this tragedy, but we shall not do ill to follow closely that handed down to us from the clerk Edward Grim, who stood stoutly by his master almost to the end, stood by him till severely hurt himself.[1]

The four murderers, Fitzurse, Moreville, Tracy, and le Bret, arriving in Canterbury on the afternoon of this fatal Tuesday, acted in a curiously hesitating manner, due either to nervousness or to want of any settled plan. After an interview with Becket of which the accounts vary considerably, the murderers retired to arm themselves. But they quickly returned with swords and axes, only to find all entrance barred. But they were not to be baulked, and, guided by Robert de Broc, the custodian of

[1] The curious in this affair should read Dr Edwin A. Abbot's learned *St Thomas of Canterbury: His Death and Miracles* (A. & C. Black, 1898), to which work the writer desires to express a deep debt of gratitude. The account of the murder here given closely follows the translation in the work mentioned.

THE BAPTISTRY, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

the palace during Becket's long exile, the knights forced their way in through a window. Terror-stricken at the noise, the servants and almost all of the clerks fled like sheep before hungry wolves. Those with the archbishop in his chamber besought him to fly, to seek safety in the church where vespers were being sung; but he strenuously refused, unmoved by either arguments or prayers. Then the monks took courage to act, and half dragging, half pushing, half carrying, forced him to fly. But the door leading into the cloister had some days previous been barred up; yet when one of the monks laid his hand upon the bar it yielded to him, coming out of the socket as "though fastened by nothing stronger than glue." The cross was carried before by the clerk, Henry of Auxerre; and beside Grim there were with him his faithful friend John of Salisbury, his chaplain William Fitzstephen and a few monks. They were now in the cloister and dragged the still unwilling man along the north wall and so on to the chapter house. "What means this, sirs? What is your fear?" he continued asking them, as he angrily resisted their importunity. At last they reached the door opening into the church from the south-east corner of the cloister. As they passed

through, the knights were heard following at full speed; and, on the other hand, the monks who had been singing the vespers, broke off, hastening to meet him, glorifying God because they saw him living and unharmed. So almost in the dark they must have stood, for it was late of a winter afternoon. The monks made to bar the door, but Becket bade them forbear, bidding them not to make "into a tower the house of prayer." The murderers pushed in, with swords unsheathed, shouting, "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to King and realm?" Receiving no reply, they called again, "Where is the archbishop?" Whereon he advanced to meet them from the steps to which he had been carried by the retreating crowd of monks, and answered, "Here I am, no traitor to the King, but a priest. What do you seek of me?" He turned aside to the right, under a pillar, on one hand the altar of the Virgin and on the other that of St Benedict. The knights followed him, bidding him restore those whom he had excommunicated, only to be met with blank refusal. They attacked him, endeavouring to drag him outside the church; but they could not move him from the pillar. Then one of the knights, to whom Becket spoke roughly as he shook him off, raised

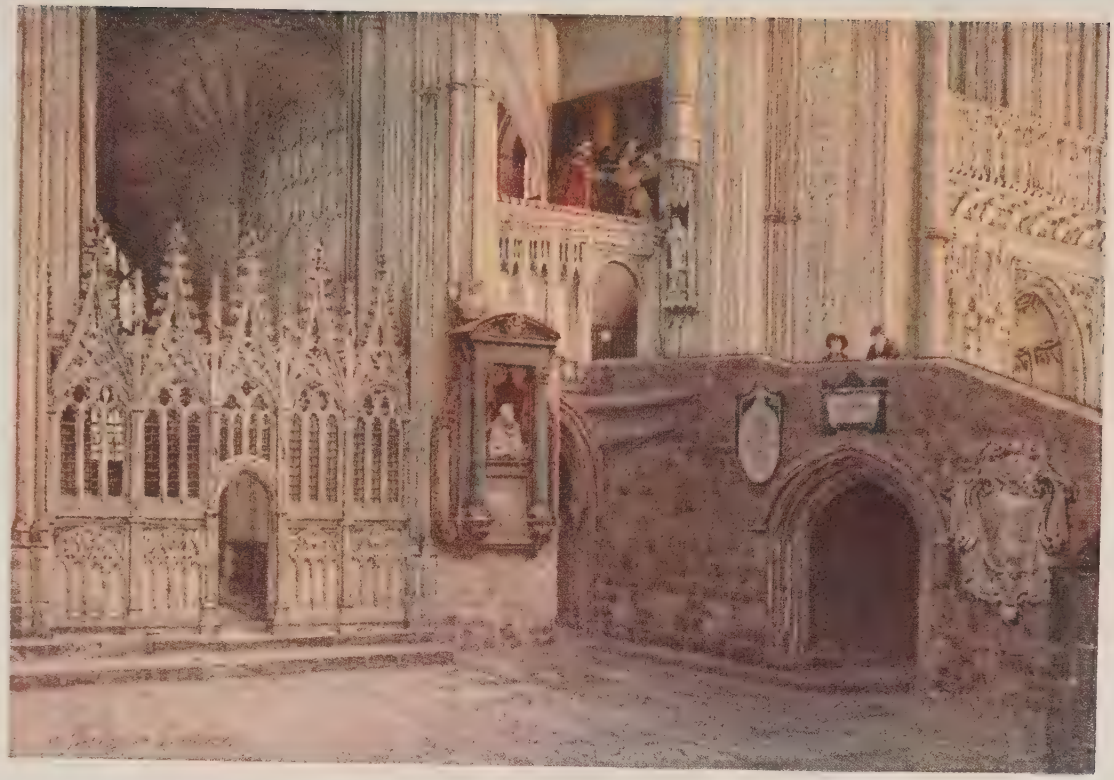
NORMAN STAIRCASE, KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY

his sword to strike, and the archbishop, bending his neck as though for prayer, and raising his hands, prepared for the martyrdom which he seems almost to have sought. The knight struck, shearing away the top of the skull, and with the same blow almost cutting off the arm of Edward Grim, who was supporting him. Another blow and another, then Becket fell on his knees, saying in a low voice, "For the name of Jesus and for the protection of the Church I am prepared to die." Then Bret struck at him, wounding him severely: struck with such violence that he not only shivered his sword against the pavement, but also cut the crown from off the martyr's head so that the blood, whitening from the brain and the brain reddening from the blood, "empurpled the face with the whiteness as of the lily and redness as of the rose, the colours of the Church as Virgin and Mother." Another of the murderers placed his foot on the neck of the prostrate man, and with his sword's point scattered the brains and blood about the pavement, calling out, "Let us go hence! This fellow will not rise again any more." As the murderers fled out into the thick mirk of the night; as the monks cowered in terror in the black darkness of the silent Cathedral; as the crowds

surged anxiously in the narrow streets of the city; as the dead archbishop lay there upon the blood-stained pavement, a few trembling but faithful friends near by,—there burst forth a tempestuous storm of rain and thunder. Then the silence of night and of fear. By-and-by the monks plucked up courage to approach the spot where lay the dead archbishop; turning the body they saw that the face was peaceful, no trace of terror or of wrath, he looked as one sleeping. After binding up the frightful wound in the head, they carried the body through the choir and laid it on a bier before the high altar. There in the dim light of the candles the monks mourned the fallen man, listening to Robert of Merton, who told them that Becket had lived a saint as he had died a martyr, showing them the monk's habit beneath the dead man's garments and the hair shirt next the skin. Then the monks broke out in praises of the man they had sometimes misjudged, knelt, kissed the hands and feet of the corpse, crying "*Saint* Thomas."

The body was first laid to rest in the crypt, until the translation in 1220. In 1173 Becket was canonised, December 29th being the feast of St Thomas of Canterbury. To this tomb in the crypt came Henry II. to do penance for his own

THE MARTYRDOM, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL



sin and his servants', in the darkest hour of his reign. Barefoot and fasting he came; with rods he was beaten by bishops, abbots and monks; in the crypt he passed the hours of night; so his sin was washed away.

The bones of the martyr brought greater prosperity to the monastery and church than ever it had known, and as their fortunes rose, so those of their rival St Augustine's declined. In 1220 the martyr's remains were translated from the crypt to the new chapel of the Trinity which had arisen from the ashes of the old one burnt down in 1174—moved thither with splendid pomp and ceremony, and laid in a glorious shrine. The feast of the Translation of St Thomas of Canterbury was commemorated for over three hundred years, until by Henry VIII. it was suppressed. To this shrine, glowing with gold and gems, journeyed pilgrims from every quarter of the world; before it they knelt, and were cured of their ills of the flesh and of the spirit; to it they made their offerings, many of great price, such as the magnificent carbuncle, "the Regale of France," which, when Louis VII. was reluctant to part with it, flew from out the ring upon the King's finger and stuck fast to the wall of the shrine.

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Here is a description of the shrine by a Venetian who saw it about the year 1500:—"The tomb of St Thomas the Martyr, Archbishop of Canterbury, exceeds all belief. Notwithstanding its great size, it is wholly covered with plates of pure gold; yet the gold is scarcely seen because it is covered with various precious stones, as sapphires, balasses, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; and wherever the eye turns something more beautiful than the rest is observed. Nor, in addition to these natural beauties, is the skill of art wanting, for in the midst of the gold are the most beautiful sculptured gems both small and large, as well such as are in relief, as agates, onyxes, cornelians, and cameos; and some cameos are of such size, that I am afraid to name it; but everything is far surpassed by a ruby, not longer than a thumb-nail, which is fixed to the right of the altar.[1] The church is somewhat dark, and particularly in the spot where the shrine is placed, and when we went to see it the sun was near setting, and the weather was cloudy; nevertheless I saw that ruby as if I had it in my hand."

Hither came Richard Cœur de Lion from his Austrian prison, Henry V. from Agincourt, and —strange irony of fate—Henry VIII. and the

[1] The King of France's jewel.

Emperor Charles V. Then came the storm of the Reformation; by the King's order the treasures of the shrine were carried off to the royal treasury, and the Regale adorned the thumb of the royal humbug. Of the shrine nothing remains now, nothing but a memory. A memory, only a memory; but no one can realise what mediævalism was, how powerful superstition was, or the place in English and Continental history that Canterbury held for those three hundred years, to whom this memory is not present as he stands where once stood the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury. We are very far removed from those days, but if we would understand them aright, we must here endeavour to probe the spirit which brought weary pilgrims to this holy shrine, some of them to scoff, but the majority in faith. Nor is it seemly to jeer at that superstition—to those whom it guided it was light in darkness; and maybe we have some superstitions of our own to-day, the folly of which will remain for future generations to point out. So from this darkness of mediævalism let us pass out into the daylight, not foolishly thinking that we have seen all or half all that there is to see, but content if we have drunk in somewhat of the beauty and solemnity of this great church.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

When seeking for the bright, sweet English daylight, who better could be our guide than Geoffrey Chaucer?

We have outlined briefly the story of the shrine, and of the resort to it of pilgrims high and low; but in order to paint effectively and to call up a true picture of mediæval Canterbury, let us betake ourselves back through the centuries and set out from Southwark on an April morning, adding our humble selves to that immortal band of Canterbury Pilgrims, who whiled away the tedium of the journey with jest and story. Let Chaucer limn the day for us:—

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth

The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open eye,—
So priketh hem Nature in hir corages,—
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seeken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes kowthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunturbury they wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were to seeke."

They formed a company of nine-and-twenty, and in fellowship we'll go toward Canterbury, with a right merry cheer. This is our route—

"Lo, Depeford, and it is half wey pryme.
Lo, Grenewych, ther many a shrewe is inne";

then—

"Lo, Rouchestre stant heer faste by!"

and so along our pilgrims' way through the pleasant country of Kent until we reach

"A litel toun,
Which that y-cleped is Bobbe-up-and-doun,
Under the Blee in Caunterbury weye";

maybe Harbledown, where we will loiter anon. And so to close sight of the Angel Steeple and of the hospitable red roofs nestling round the church, wherein stands the shrine we have set forth to see.

Then down the steep way into the city, perchance to the music of Canterbury bells. We have arrived toward dusk, and naturally we shall at once seek out our lodging for the night, as did Chaucer's company—

"When all this fresh feleship were com to Cantirbury." [1]

Alack, we cannot lay our heads under the same roof as did they—

"They took their in and loggit them at mydmorowe, I trowe,
Atte Cheker of the Hope that many a man doth knowe."

There is little room for doubt but that this inn, the "Chequers of the Hope," occupied the west corner of the angle formed by the High Street and Mercery Lane, hard by the old Butter Market and Christchurch Gate. Of the original building only fragments remain, for fire was only too busy here in the year 1865. Here was the dormitory of the Hundred Beds, the Pantry, the Buttery, the Dining Room, and the beautiful garden with its herbs and flowers, to all of which the writer of the "Supplementary Tale" makes reference. In olden days Canterbury might almost have been described

[1] The *Canterbury Tales* of Geoffrey Chaucer Edited by Thomas Wright for the Percy Society, 1851. Vol. iii., "The Supplementary Tale."

SOUTH-WEST TRANSEPT AND ST GEORGE'S TOWER,
CANTERBURY

as a city of churches, religious houses, and hostelries and other accommodations for pilgrims—that was the atmosphere of mediæval Canterbury. On the opposite side of High Street to the "Chequers" was a lodging for pilgrims erected by Prior Chillenden in the fifteenth century, which was for long years after the Reformation an ordinary inn for travellers.

Pilgrims came throughout the year in companies large and small, but the throng and press was tremendous at the festival of the Martyrdom on December 29, and in summer for the festival of the Translation on July 7, which also was the first day of Canterbury Fair. Larger still the crowds in the years of jubilee, 1270, 1320, 1370, 1420, 1470, and 1520, when on each fiftieth anniversary of the Translation the feast lasted for two weeks and indulgences were granted to all pilgrims.

Beside the inns, there was plenty other accommodation for pilgrims of all degrees, in the hospitals and convents, and, above all, in the Priory of Christ Church.

The city fathers, too, took their share in the festivals, among other entertainments providing a pageant of the Martyrdom; and here follow a few quaint extracts from an account of the expenditure

one year upon the same: "Paid to carpenters hewing and squaring of timber for the pageant, 8d. For making St Thomas's cart, with a pair of wheels, 5s. 8d. Paid a carpenter and his fellows making of the pageant, by four days, taking between them, by the day, finding themselves, 14d., 4s. 8d. . . . For 114 feet of board, bought for flooring the same pageant, 2s. 8d. . . . For nails, 7½d. For tallow for the wheels, 1d. For ale spent, 1d. To four men to help to carry the pageant, 8d. . . . For gunpowder, bought at Sandwich, 3s. 4d. . . . For linen cloth for St Thomas's garment, 6d. For a dozen and a half of tin silver, 9d. For glue and pack-thread, 3d. . . . To John a Kent for the hire of a sword, 4d. And for washing of an albe and an amys, 2d."

Our pilgrims, who seem to have arrived fairly early in day,

> "Ordeyned their dyner wisely, or they to church went,"

and then went along Mercery Lane, under the great gateway—as we all still may go—and then broke upon their view a sight different in many ways, yet in many the same as now meets the eye. Dean Stanley has described it well for us: "The pilgrims would stream into the Precincts. The

outside aspect of the Cathedral can be imagined without much difficulty. A wide cemetery, which, with its numerous gravestones, such as that on the south side of Peterborough Cathedral, occupied the vacant space still called the Churchyard, divided from the garden beyond by the old Norman arch since removed to a more convenient spot. In the cemetery were interred such pilgrims as died during their stay in Canterbury. The external aspect of the Cathedral itself, with the exception of the numerous statues which then filled its now vacant niches, must have been much what it is now. Not so its interior. Bright colours on the roof, on the windows, on the monuments; hangings suspended from the rods which may still be seen running from pillar to pillar; chapels, and altars, and chantries intercepting the view, where now all is clear, must have rendered it so different, that at first we should hardly recognise it to be the same building."

Returning to our friends:—

"Whan they wer al y-loggit, as skill wold and reson,
Everich aftir his degre, to chirch then was seson
To pas and to wend, to make their offringis,
Righte as their devocioune was, of silver broch and ryngis.
Then at the chirch dorr the curtesy gan to ryse,
Tyl the knyght, of gentilnes that knewe right well the guyse,

Put forth the prelatis, the parson and his fere.
A monk, that took the spryngill with a manly chere,
And did as the manere is, moilid all thir patis,
Everich after othir, righte as they wer of statis."

After they had been thus sprinkled with the holy water—

"The knyght went with his compers to the holy shryne,
To do that they wer com for, and aftir for to dyne,
The pardoner and the miller, and othir lewde sótes,"

waiting behind, gaping at the beautiful stained glass which then filled the windows of the nave, and wildly guessing at their subjects—

"'Pese!' quod the hoost of Southwork, 'let stond the wyndow glassid,
Goith up and doith your offerynge, ye semith half amasid.'

. . . . . .

Then passid they forth boystly, goggling with their hedis
Knelid adown tofore the shrine, and hertlich their bedis
They preyd to seint Thomas, in such wyse as the couth;
And sith the holy relikes ech man with his mowith
Kissid, as a goodly monk the names told and taught."

We can follow in their footsteps, presuming them to have taken the more natural and probably more usual way, going first to the transept of the Martyrdom, over an entrance to which was inscribed—

"Est sacer intra locus venerabilis atque beatus
Præsul uti Sanctus Thomas est martyrisatus."

Neither could the pilgrims then nor we now see practically anything of what met the eye on the fatal day itself; nor shall we—as did they—kneel before the wooden altar the while the guardian of it shows to us the precious relics kept there. *But* —if we wish to understand the spirit of the multitude in those days, we must forget ourselves for the nonce, and become as little children of great faith.

Then we pass on down into the crypt under the choir and Trinity Chapel, whose darkness is broken by the light of many lamps. Here, if we are but common folk, we shall be shown only a part of the skull of the saint, to which we may put our lips; his shirt and hair-cloth drawers, which formed one of his chief claims to saintliness—for dirtiness was akin to godliness in those times. If, however, we are folk of high degree, the glowing treasures of the chapel of Our Lady Undercroft will be opened to us.

Then up into the choir, where in coffers of gold and silver and ivory there are hundreds of relics, and, as we have seen—

> ". . . . the holy relikes ech man with his mowith
> Kissid, as a goodly monk the names told and taught."

Of what kind these relics were we have already made note.

In St Andrew's Tower were exhibited to the privileged the pastoral staff of the saint, the cloak and the blood-stained kerchief, even rags and shreds upon which he had wiped his nose and mopped his brow. We do not wish to be irreverent; there are certain relics of pious and saintly men which all can treat with respect if not with adoration; but relic worship ran mad and was too often reduced to absurdity, sometimes of a positively disgusting character.

Onward to the shrine of the saint, first visiting Becket's Crown—the Corona—where we would be shown the portion of the saint's skull which was shorn off by the murderer's sword.

Then to the shrine itself, where lay the holy body, enclosed in splendour which has been described on another page.

The shrine was shown, maybe for the last time, in August 1538, to a Madame de Montreuil, as described in a letter to Cromwell. ". . . . so by ten of the cloc, she . . . . went to the church, where I showed her Sainte Thomas's shrine, and all such things worthy of sight, at which she was not little marveilled of the great riches thereof, saing to be innumerable; and that if she had not seen it, all the men in the wourlde would never a made her to

belyve it. Thus ever looking and viewing more than an oure as well the shryne as Sainct Thomas's bed, being at both sett cushions to knyle, and the Priour opening Saint Thomas's hed, *saing* to her three times, 'This is Sainct Thomas' hed,' and offered her to kysse it, but she nother knyled nor would kysse it, but still viewing the riches thereof."[1]

So for six jubilees continued this throng to come from all the lands of Europe to this shrine in this English city; the shrine of a saint of whom no saintly deed has been recorded.

Then came the downfall, which Hasted has plainly described: "As this saint was stripped of the name, honour, and adoration which had for so great a length of time been paid to him; so was this church, most probably a principal allurement to the dead, robbed of all the riches, the jewels of inestimable value, and the vast quantities of gold and silver, with which this shrine was splendidly and gloriously adorned: his relics and bones were likewise taken away, and so destroyed and disposed of, that what became of them could not be known, least they might fall into such hands as might still honour them with veneration."

[1] *Canterbury in the Olden Time*, John Brent, 1879.

With this adoration of the shrine the great end of the pilgrimage was attained, and our company departed "dyner-ward"—

> "And sith they drowgh to dyner-ward, as it drew to noon.
> Then, as manere and custom is, signes there they bought;
> Fa men of contré shuld know whom they had sought,
> Eche man set his silver in such thing as they likid."

"Signes," among which were small lead bottles, containing water mingled with the blood of the martyr; and leaden brooches, upon which were a representation of the head of the saint, and the words *Caput Thomæ*. So when the pilgrims scattered abroad over the countries from which they had come, both on their journey homeward and on their return, men might know that they had been on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury; as Erasmus describes them —coming from this and other shrines—"covered with scallop shells, stuck all over with leaden and tin figures, adorned with straw necklaces and a bracelet of serpents' eggs"; also, with scrip and staff, which their priests have blessed for them before they set out on what often was a long and perilous journey. Here is the prayer asking for blessing upon the scrip and staff—"O Lord Jesu Christ, who of Thy unspeakable mercy, at the

THE GREYFRIARS' HOUSE, CANTERBURY

bidding of the Father, and by the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, wast willing to come down from heaven, and to seek the sheep that was lost by the deceit of the Evil One, and to carry him back on Thine own shoulders to the flock of the Heavenly hand; and didst command the sons of Mother Church by prayer to ask, by holy living to seek, and by knocking to persevere; that so they may the more speedily find the reward of saving life; we humbly beseech Thee that Thou wouldest be pleased to bless this scrip and staff, that whosoever for love of Thy Name, shall seek to bear the same by his side, to hang it at his neck, or to carry it in his hands, and so on his pilgrimage to seek the aid of the saints, with the accompaniment of humble prayer, being protected by the guardianship of Thy right hand, may be found worthy to attain unto the joy of the everlasting vision; through Thee, O Saviour of the World, who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth, ever our God, world without end." And when the scrip and staff were given by the priest to the pilgrim, he said: "Take this scrip to be worn as the badge and habit of thy pilgrimage; and this staff to be thy strength and stay in the toil and travail of thy pilgrimage, that thou mayest be able to overcome all the hosts of

the Evil One, and to reach in safety the shrine of the Blessed St Thomas of Canterbury, and the shrines of other saints whither thou desirest to go; and having dutifully completed thy course, mayest come again to thine own people with thanksgiving."

Let not us of these later days take upon us to jest at these "men of old," who "with gladness" set forth upon this pilgrimage. There were sinners and humbugs among them, as there have been and are every time and everywhere; but among them, also, men of humble and contrite hearts. May we not hope that their prayer has been granted, and that the pilgrimage of life brought them at the last "unto the joy of the everlasting vision"?

The Religious

It is impossible to see into the future, all but impossible to see clearly into the past; the past, as the future, often decks itself in colours to which it has no claim. The chief impression on the minds of most of us when we look back to mediæval days, is that they were picturesque if somewhat uncomfortable. But both ways we usually fall short of the fact; they were most picturesque, most uncomfortable. We have seen how once upon a time the Cathedral, now so decorously grey,

blazed with purple and fine linen; so too was it with all life; the very streets now so sober-minded were then a veritable kaleidoscope; all life was highly coloured, save that of the cloister. In those times in the good city of Canterbury it must have been as difficult when one took his walk abroad to avoid the sight of a hospital or of a holy house as to-day to escape from the clangour of church bells.

If we would understand rightly the Canterbury of Becket and Cranmer, we must remember that the rulers of the land were then the King and his nobles and the clergy, the men of arms and the men of peace; there was then no vast and powerful middle class. It is scarcely doubtful that had Augustine not set up his tabernacle in Canterbury that the city would have played but a small part on the stage of English history; she owes her honour and renown to the men of peace who made her their capital in England.

Canterbury never became more than a fairly large country town, yet we find that within her bounds were no fewer than eleven religious houses. With two we are already friendly, the two Benedictine establishments—the abbey of St Augustine and the priory of Christ Church. To the latter

were attached the cells of St Martin at Dover and Canterbury College, Oxford. There were also the Austin Canons' priory of St Gregory; houses belonging to the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Austin Friars; St Sepulchre, St Mildred's; and various hospitals, including St John Baptist's, the Poor Priests', St Lawrence's for lepers, and Eastbridge Hospital. It will help us to travel back if we gain some outline and idea, at any rate, of the "religious" life of those times.

It was thought by many then, as by many now, that a "regular" life, led under strict rule, with self-denial and in retirement from the world, helped men and women to attain nearer to the example of Christ than could otherwise be hoped. The rule of St Benedict was by no means so ascetic as those of some of the other orders. It was introduced into England by Augustine in 597. Then—dealing only with those whom once we should have met often in Canterbury—there were the Dominicans, or Black Friars, so called on account of the black cloak and hood which they wore over their white tunic when they went out of the bounds of their houses; they were a preaching brotherhood, their work in life being to convert the heathen and the heretical; they crossed over to this island in 1221.

The Franciscans, or Grey Friars, also called Minorites, in their humility holding themselves the least of all the orders. The Augustinian, Austin, or Black Canons, a monastic order, whose first foundation in this country was at Holy Trinity, Aldgate. The Austin Friars, the shadow of whose presence lingers familiarly in London ears, were ranked as "mendicants."

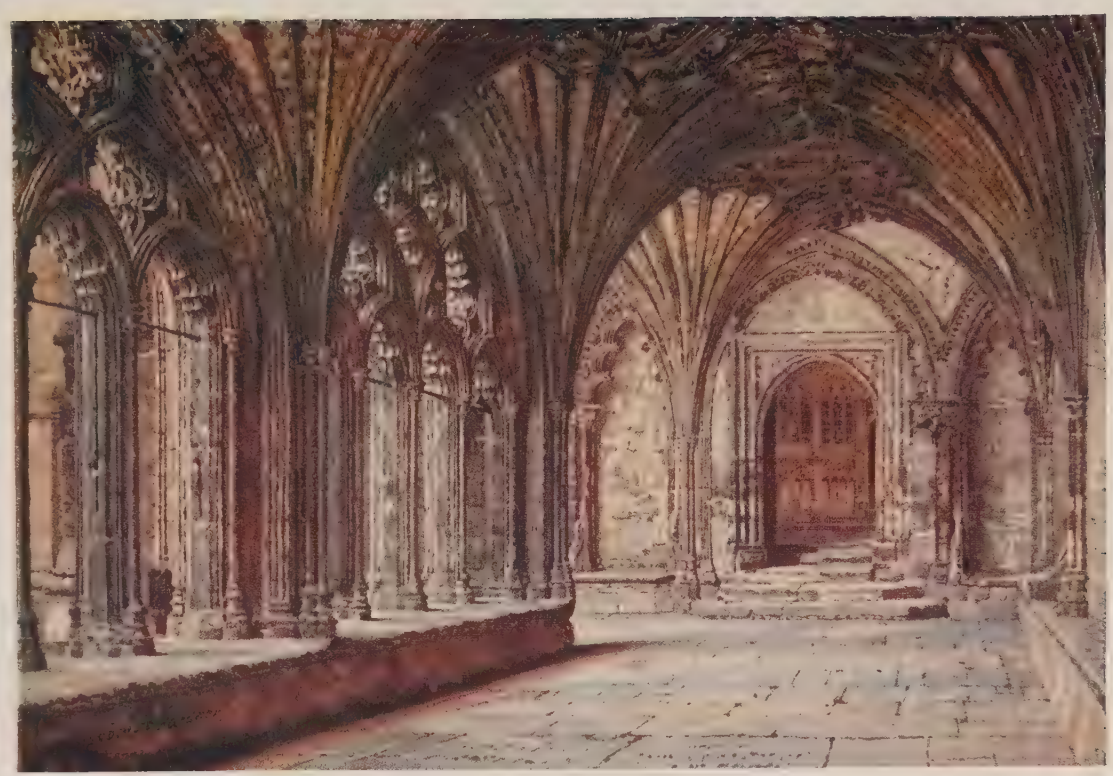
Though there were considerable differences between the different "rules," the life and occupations of monks of different orders were, on the whole, not dissimilar. So let us turn back again to the priory of Christ Church and endeavour to restore in our mind's eye some of the monastic buildings that centred round the Cathedral, and the ways and manners and aims of those who dwelt therein. Once for all let us abandon the too common idea that the "religious" led an existence of laziness, and frequently of over-indulgence in the good things of the world from which to so great an extent they had taken a vow of abstinence.

Of the church we have already written sufficient. The building of next importance was always the cloisters, which usually stood to the south of the church, so securing a shelter from cold winds—necessary, indeed, in our climate. Here let us turn

aside for a moment; recall, such of us as can do so, Magdalen College, Oxford, with its chapel, cloisters, hall, and buttery, then we can conjure up at once a general idea of a great monastic establishment. Returning to Canterbury, we find the cloisters nestling on the north side of the church, so situate on account of pressing reasons of space. After the church, after *opus dei*, the life of a monk may be said to have centred in the cloister. Here the novices and junior monks "learned their lessons," which were many and arduous; here the elders put those lessons into daily practice. It cannot have been a sybaritic life; far from it. Then the refectory, or frater, which at Canterbury ran along the north side of the cloisters—and here again we may well recall one of the old college halls, or that beautiful hall of the Middle Temple; the dim beams of the great roof, the dark wainscotting, the screen at the lower end, the daïs at the upper, the long tables running lengthwise; and—what we do not, luckily, see now—the floor strewn with rushes, only too seldom changed. Opening off the cloisters, generally on the east side, the chapter house. The dormitories at Canterbury were situated in the angle formed by the frater and the chapter house. Other buildings of importance were the infirmary,

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

Doorway from the Cloisters into the Martyrdom



the prior's lodging, the almonry, and ample accommodation for the entertaining of guests.

So that we may not gain too rosy a view of monastic hospitality, let us turn to an account of it given by one of the ungodly, Denys of Burgundy, who had no such stomach for monkish entertainment as had his comrade Gerard. This was his indictment: "Great gate, little gate, so many steps and then a gloomy cloister. Here the dortour; there the great cold refectory, where you must sit mumchance, or at least inaudible. . . . 'And then,' said he, 'nobody is a man here, but all are slaves—and of what? of a peevish, tinkling bell that never sleeps. An 'twere a trumpet now, aye sounding alarums, 'twouldn't freeze a man's heart so. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and you must sit to meat with maybe no stomach for food. Ere your meat settles in your stomach, tinkle, tinkle, and ye must to church with maybe no stomach for devotion; I am not a hog at prayers, for one. Tinkle, tinkle, and now you must to bed with your eyes open. Well, by then you have contrived to shut them, some uneasy imp of darkness has got to the bell-rope, and tinkle, tinkle, it behoves you say a prayer in the dark, whether you know one or not. If they heard the sort of prayers I mutter when they

break my rest with their tinkle! Well, you drop off again and get about an eyeful of sleep; lo, it is tinkle, tinkle, for matins.'"

Caricature sometimes tells the truth more understandably than history or realism, and these facetiæ of Denys convey a fairly accurate idea of part of a monk's life. From midnight to midnight it was lived by rule and rote, full of worship, full of work. But it will become us and entertain us to take a more serious view of the hospitality exercised by a great convent. The Guest House, or Hostry, was an important and integral part almost of every monastery. It was the especial duty of one of the senior monks to look to it that everything was ready for the guests who might come. The building devoted to the duties of hospitality were at Canterbury of very considerable size, a hundred and fifty feet long by forty broad, consisting of a main hall, out of which opened small sleeping apartments resembling cubicles. The abbot himself would receive and entertain guests of high degree; merchants and others doing business with the house would be taken charge of by the cellarer. The following passage, quoted by Abbot Gasquet from the *Rites of Durham*, is interesting: "There was a famous house of hospitality, called the

Guest Hall, within the Abbey garth of Durham, on the west side, towards the water, the Terrar of the house being master thereof, as are appointed to give entertainment to all states, both noble, gentle, and whatsoever degree that came thither as strangers, their entertainment not being inferior to any place in England, both for the goodness of their diet, the sweet and dainty furniture of their lodgings, and generally all things necessary for travellers. And, withal, this entertainment continuing, (the monks) not willing or commanding any man to depart, upon his honest and good behaviour. This hall is a goodly brave place, much like unto the body of a church, with very fair pillars supporting it on either side, and in the midst of the hall a most large range for the fire. The chambers and lodgings belonging to it were sweetly kept, and so richly furnished that they were not unpleasant to lie in, especially one chamber called the 'King's chamber,' deserving that name, in that the King himself might very well have lain in it, for the princely linen thereof. . . . The Prior (whose hospitality was such as that there needed no guest-hall, but that they (the Convent) were desirous to abound in all liberal and free almsgiving) did keep a most honourable house and very noble entertain-

ment, being attended upon both with gentlemen and yeomen, of the best in the country, as the honourable service of his house deserved no less. The benevolence thereof, with relief and alms of the whole Convent, was always open and free, not only to the poor of the city of Durham, but to all the poor people of the country besides."

Guests might remain some two days or nights, as a rule, special permission having to be obtained for any longer period.

Yet another quotation, this time from the *Memoirs of the Life of Mr John Inglesant*, wherein he narrates the visit to the Priory of Westacre in Wiltshire of Richard Inglesant, on an errand from the Earl of Essex and on business for the burly King Henry. The Priory was a small house and set in the country, but the impression his first night there made upon him will serve to carry us back along the corridors of time: "In the middle of the summer afternoon he crossed the brow of the hilly common, and saw the roofs of the Priory beneath him surrounded by its woods. The country all about lay peaceful in the soft, mellow sunlight. . . . The house stood with a little walled court in front of it, and a gate-house; and consisted of three buildings—a chapel, a large

hall, and another building containing the Prior's parlour and other rooms on the ground floor, and a long gallery or dormitory above, out of which opened other chambers; the kitchens and stables were near the latter building, on the right side of the court. The Prior received Inglesant with deference, and took him over the house and gardens, pointing out the well-stocked fish-ponds and other conveniences, with no apparent wish of concealing anything. . . . He supped with the Prior in hall, with the rest of the household, and retired with him to the parlour afterwards, where cakes and spiced wine were served to them, and they remained long together. . . . At last Inglesant betook himself to rest in the guest-chamber, a room hung with arras, opening from the gallery where the monks slept. . . . The Prior's care had ordered a fire of wood on the great hearth that lighted up the carved bed and the hunting scene upon the walls. He lay long and could not sleep. All night long, at intervals, came the sound of chanting along the great hall and up the stairs into the dormitory, as the monks sung the service of matins, lauds, and prime."

Yes, it was a busy, pious life that was led in a well-ordered monastery; the service of God and of

man combined to leave few idle moments, and the true religions, we are told, combined "with monastic simplicity an angelic good humour." As men vary outside, so do they within monastic walls: some saints, some sinners; some dour, some sweet; some patient, some hot-blooded. They were human, those old monks, though somehow to-day we are apt to look upon them as either too entirely other-worldly, or too entirely this-worldly.

Before quitting them it will not be unamusing, or, indeed, without instruction, to quote a few passages from Fuller's *The Church-history of Britain from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year M.DC.XLVIII.*, in which that worthy writer tells us of "Some generall Conformities observed in all Convents," dealing with "the rule of the antient Benedictines."

"*Let Monks* (after the example of *David*) *praise God seven times a day.*

"1. *At Cock-crowing:* Because the Psalmist saith, *At midnight will I praise the Lord:* and most conceive that Christ rose from the dead about that time.

"2. *Matutines:* at the *first hour*, or *six of the clock*, when the Jewish morning sacrifice was

offered. And at what time Christ's resurrection was by the Angels first notified to the women.

"3. At the *third hour*, or *nine of the clock before none:* when, according to *S. Marke*, Christ was condemned, and scourged by *Pilate.*

"4. At the *sixt hour*, or *twelve of the clock at high noon:* when Christ was crucified and darknesse over all the earth.

"5. At the *ninth hour*, or *three of the clock in the afternoon:* when Christ gave up the ghost, and, which was an hour of publick prayer in the Temple, and privately in his closet with *Cornelius.*

"6. Vespers: at the *twelfth hour*, or *six a clock in the afternoon:* when the evening sacrifice was offered in the Temple, and when Christ is supposed taken down from the Crosse.

"7. At *seven of the clock at night* (or the first hour beginning the nocturnall twelve): when Christ's agonie in the garden was conceived began.

"The first of those was performed at two of the clock in the morning: when the Monks (who went to bed at eight at night) had slept six hours, which were judged sufficient for nature."

Further, we read:—

"Let every Monk have two Coats, and two Cowles, etc."

"Let every Monk have his Table-book, Knife, Needle, and Handkerchief."

"Let the Bed of every Monk have a Mat, Blanket, Rugge, and Pillow."

We may part from them with the words of Hasted in our ears; of the Reformation and of the destruction of Becket's shrine, he says: "This great change could not but seem strange to the people who had still veneration for their reputed saint; and the violence offered to his shrine could not but fill their hearts with inward regret, and private murmurings; but their discontent did not break out into open rebellion here, as it did on some like occasion in different places in the kingdom. To quiet the people, therefore, and to convince them of the propriety, and even necessity, of these changes, the monks were in general cried out against, as given to every shameful and abominable vice; and reports were industriously spread abroad, that the monasteries were receptacles of the worst of people. . . . The greater monasteries were, for the most part, well governed, and lived under the strictest

discipline; . . . they promoted learning, they educated youth, and dispensed charity with a liberal hand to all around them. . . . The Prior, who at the time of the dissolution had presided over this convent for three-and-twenty years, was a learned, grave, and religious man, and his predecessors had been such for a length of time before. The convent was a society of grave persons; the aged were diligent to train up the novices both in the rules of their institution, and in gravity and sobriety. . . . All their revenues and gains were expended, either in alms and hospitality, or in the stately and magnificent building of their church. . . . Their time was for the most part spent in exercises of fasting, penance, and devout meditations, and in attending the divine offices in the church."

The lives of nuns in convents of women were to all intents and purposes practically the same as those led by monks, so we will visit for a few minutes—in spirit—the nunnery of St Sepulchre, which stood near the old Riding-gate. It was founded by St Anselm about the year 1100 for Benedictine nuns, whose lives were passed very much in accordance with those of their brother monks. Hasted tells us that Prior Walter, of

Christ Church, gave to the nunnery "as much wood as one horse, going twice a day, could fetch thence, where the wood reeves should appoint"—namely, from the wood of Blean, beyond Harbledown; "but there being much uncertainty in this grant, the nuns, in 1270, releasing it, procured in lien and by way of exchange for it a certain portion of the above-mentioned wood to be assigned and made over to them; which wood retains from these nuns the name of Minchen Wood at this time." And further on he says discreetly, "Time and indulgence of superiors bringing their corruptions, nuns became in process of time not such recluses as their order required." So in 1305 steps were taken by Archbishop Winchelsea to keep them more straitly. It was here that the Holy Maid of Kent, "the great impostor of her time, was a veiled nun and votaress."

The story of Elizabeth Barton, more generally known as the Holy Maid of Kent, throws not a few curious lights upon the beliefs and manners of the sixteenth century. She was born in or about the year 1506, and when about nineteen years old was living in the service of Thomas Cobb, who was steward to an estate of Archbishop Warham at Aldington, which lies four miles south-east of

Ashford, commanding an extensive prospect over Romney Marsh. The living here, St Martin's, was presented by Warham to Erasmus in 1511, but he held it for only a few months.

She was afflicted with some form of nervous complaint, which exhibited itself in the form of trances or fits; for days together she would lie half conscious, giving vent to wondrous sayings, telling of events in other places of which apparently she could have no knowledge, and holding forth in marvellous words in the rebuke of sin. It can scarce be wondered at that the ignorant and superstitious neighbours were amazed and that they began to talk of her, some saying that she was inspired of the Holy Spirit, others that a devil possessed her. Her master consulted the village priest, Richard Masters, and together they watched the girl, coming to the conclusion that it was a good and not an evil spirit that was speaking through the mouth of the Maid. The affair was brought to the notice of the archbishop by the priest, and a gracious message of encouragement was sent to the girl. But as the months passed by her illness left her, and she missed the notoriety which she had gained, although she was still held in pious reverence by friends and neighbours. She

was unable to resist the temptation to feign a continuance of her trances and inspired utterances.

Her renown spread abroad and Warham decided that the matter should be inquired into, sending down two monks of Christ Church, Edward Bocking and William Hadley. Bocking is believed to have been educated at Canterbury College, Oxford, now Christ Church, and to have been warden there. He left there for Christ Church, Canterbury, probably in 1526, the fatal year in which he was despatched upon this mission of inquiry. We know not what manner of man he was, save for these dealings of his with the Maid; could we gain the details of his story, it would add another and striking chapter to the history of villainy. He saw in Elizabeth a tool, which would be useful to him if he could but temper it. He instructed her in the Catholic legendary lore, and taught her to argue with and to refute heretics. Strype includes Masters in the plot, as thus: "And to serve himself of this woman and her fits, for his own benefit, he, with one Dr Bocking, a monk of Canterbury, directed her to say in one of her trances, that she should never be well till she visited the image of Our Lady in a certain chapel in the said Masters' parish, called the chapel in Court-at-

Street; and that Our Lady had appeared to her, and told her so; and that if she came on a certain day thither, she should be restored to health by miracle. This story, and the day of her resort unto the chapel, was studiously given out by the said parson and monk; so that at the appointed day there met two thousand persons to see this maid, and the miracle to be wrought on her. Thither at the set time she came, and there, before them all, disfigured herself, and pretended her ecstasies. . . . In her trance in this chapel she gave out, that Our Lady bade her become a nun, and that Dr Bocking should be her ghostly father." Also the "spirit" moved her further: "It spake also many things for the confirmation of pilgrimages and trentals, hearing of masses and confessions, and many other such things." "And one Thwaites, a gentleman, wrote a great book of her feigned miracles, for a copy to the printer, to be printed off," which was called *A Miraculous Work of late done at Court-of-Strete in Kent, published to the Devoute People of this Tyme for their Spiritual Consolation.* Soon after this exhibition she was admitted to the priory of St Sepulchre at Canterbury, and became known as the Nun of Kent. She was wise enough to stifle rivalry, for "there was

one Hellen, a maid dwelling about Totnam, that had visions and trances also. She came to this holy Maid and told her of them. But she assured her (it may be because she had a mind to have the sole glory of such visions herself) that hers were but delusions of the Devil; and advised her from henceforth not to entertain them, but to cast them out of her mind." Other monks assisted Bocking in the deception.

"Archbishop Warham having a roll of many sayings which she spake in her pretended trances, some whereof were in very rude rhymes, sent them up to the King; which, however revered by others, he made but light of, and showed them to More, bidding him show his thoughts thereof. Which after he had perused, he told the King, that in good faith (for that oath he used) he found nothing in them that he could either esteem or regard: for a simple woman, in his mind, of her own wit might have spoken them."

Then, unfortunately for herself, Elizabeth embarked on the dangerous sea of politics, especially unsafe in those days when the axe or the rope put a stop to any unfavourable comment. As when the divorce of Catherine came upon the tapis, and Elizabeth indulged herself in expressing such

opinions as these, embodied in a fantastic tale "of an angel that appeared, and bade 'her' go unto the King, that infidel Prince of England, and say, that I command him to amend his life; and that he leave three things which he loveth, and purposeth upon; that is, that he take off the Pope's right and patrimony from him. The second, that he destroy all these new folks of opinion, and the works of their *new learning*. The third, that if he married and took Anne to wife, the vengeance of God plague him." But Henry was not moved, unless it was to anger; Warham was convinced of the Maid's holiness, and withdrew his promise to marry Henry; further, he persuaded Wolsey to see her, with exactly what result is not definitely known. She gained vast popularity as Catherine's champion, and many noble persons became her patrons. She even went to the extreme length of forcing herself into the King's presence when he visited Canterbury. Anne did not die within a month of her marriage, as the Maid had predicted, so she added to her offences by declaring that Henry was before God no longer King. Cranmer, who had succeeded Warham, ordered the Maid to be subjected to a strict examination. Eventually, in September 1533, she confessed her fraud: "she

never had visions in all her life, but all that she ever said was feigned of her own imagination, only to satisfy the minds of those which resorted to her, and to obtain worldly praise." Her counsellors, including Bocking, Hadley, Masters, and Thwaites, were committed to the Tower, brought before the Star Chamber, and they too confessed. So the plot exploded. A scaffold was erected near to Paul's Cross, from which the Nun and her chief aiders and abettors read their confessions; this function was repeated at Canterbury in the churchyard of the monastery of Holy Trinity. We need not here go into the political capital which Cromwell made out of the intimacy of various enemies of the King with the Maid.

On the 20th April 1534, the unhappy girl and others were done to death at Tyburn; and these were her last words: "Hither I am come to die; and I have not been only the cause of mine own death, which most justly I have deserved, but also I am the cause of the death of all those persons, which at this time here suffer. And yet, to say the truth, I am not so much to be blamed, considering that it was well known to these learned men that I was a poor wench, without learning; and therefore they might easily have perceived,

that the things that were done by me could not proceed in no such sort; but their capacities and learning could right well judge from whence they proceeded, and that they were altogether feigned: but because the thing which I feigned was profitable to them, therefore they much praised me; and bore me in hand, that it was the Holy Ghost, and not I, that did them; and then I, being puffed up with their praises, fell into a certain pride and foolish fantasy with myself, and thought I might feign what I would; which thing hath brought me to this case; and for other which now I cry God and the King's highness most heartily mercy, and desire you all, good people, to pray to God to have mercy on me, and on all them that here suffer with me."

There is tragedy lurking there, and light upon those days. But can we laugh—we who are without superstition and too often without respect?

Other Shrines

There is an old house outside the West Gate, built about 1563 on the site of an hostel, where, when the city gates were shut of a night time, belated pilgrims were wont to seek refreshment and rest. But as we stand and look at the ancient

gables, and think of those still more ancient which these replaced, does any Canterbury Pilgrim come forth to greet us? No; but we have "stopped before a very old house bulging out over the road; a house with long, low lattice-windows bulging out still farther, and beams with carved heads on the ends bulging out too, so that," we fancied, "the whole house was leaning forward, trying to see who was passing on the narrow pavement below. It was quite spotless in its cleanliness. The old-fashioned brass knocker on the low arched door, ornamented with carved garlands of fruit and flowers, twinkled like a star; the two stone steps descending to the door were as white as if they had been covered with fair linen; and all the angles and corners, and carvings and mouldings, and quaint little panes of glass, and quainter little windows, though as old as the hills, were as pure as any snow that ever fell upon the hills."

We have never seen Uriah Heep peeping slyly out of those quaint little windows, for somehow Uriah has never quite lived for us; but we have seen Agnes there, to whom David eventually lost his heart—which has always seemed to us an unwise proceeding, for men do not like taking a permanent second place by marrying their

WESTGATE, CANTERBURY

guardian angels; there have looked out at us old Mr Wickfield and young David, Miss Betsy Trotwood and Mr Dick—all very much alive. Then it is delightful on a frosty morning to see Doctor Strong bestowing his gaiters "on a beggar-woman, who occasioned some scandal in the neighbourhood by exhibiting a fine infant from door to door, wrapped in those garments, which were universally recognised, being as well known in the vicinity as the Cathedral." But who would wish to meet the Old Soldier? And was it not Mr Micawber who came to "see the Cathedral. Firstly, on account of its being so well worth seeing. . . . And secondly, on account of the great probability of something turning up in a cathedral town"? Then we may sit, if we list, with little David in the Cathedral any Sunday morning, the sunless air, the sensation of the world being shut out, the resounding of the organ through the black-and-white arched galleries and aisles affecting us as they did him, being as wings that take us back to childish days.

A giant of a man meets us in these city streets, a long-legged, white-haired, bespectacled man, one who signed a letter "W. M. T.," in which he wrote: "I passed an hour in the Cathedral, which seemed

all beautiful to me; the fifteenth century part, the thirteenth century part, and the crypt above all, which they say is older than the Conquest. . . . Fancy the church quite full; the altar lined with pontifical gentlemen bobbing up and down; the dear little boys in white and red flinging about the incense pots; the music roaring out from the organs; all the monks and the clergy in their stalls, and the archbishop on his throne—oh, how fine! And then think of the ✠, of our Lord speaking quite simply to simple Syrian people, a child or two maybe at his knees, as he taught them that love was the truth." Thus spake Thackeray the cynic.

In the days of Elizabeth—to be exact, in the year 1561, on May 22nd—John Marlowe was married to Catherine Arthur in the church of St George the Martyr, the said John being a man of some standing and a member later of the Guild of Shoemakers and Tanners. Then in the same church, in the year 1564, on February 26th was christened Christopher, the eldest son of the above. The boy when fourteen years of age won a scholarship in the King's School, of which the master then was Nicholas Goldsborough. When Kit left the school we know not; he went to Corpus Christi

College, Cambridge; he went to London; he wrote *Faustus, Tamburlaine the Great, The Rich Jew of Malta, Edward II., Hero and Leander*; sang

"Come live with me and be my love."

And there is a foolish monument to him, where once stood the butter-market, outside Christ Church gate. Of the man's manner and appearance we know not anything; his works live, but the man is dead even to our mind's eye. Yet there are some of us who would rather meet his shadow here than even those of Chaucer and of Dickens; perchance because we know him not.

Canterbury is yet in many ways a mediæval city, despite railways and electric lights. We can enter it by the fourteenth century West Gate, built by Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, the one gateway mercifully spared to us out of six; then we can walk down an old-world High Street, overlooked by beetle-browed, gabled houses. Is not the King's Bridge and the old home of the Canterbury Weavers quaintly beautiful? This old house dates back possibly to the fifteenth century, of course having been pulled about more or less by rude restorers; at any rate it is old, at any rate it is quaint. Stand thereby on a moonlit night, drink

in the picturesqueness of the dark masses of black shadow and reflection, the bright masses of cold light; there is no corner more charming in Nuremberg or Rothenberg; the sluggish waters of the many-branched Stour flow beneath, and the air is tremulous with the chiming of bells from many a steeple. The passers-by of to-day are not those whom we should see, for we should bend our mind's eye on monk, priest and pilgrim, on knight, dame and squire, or king, queen and prince; it needs no vivid imagination to call up these shades of the past. But above all and through all the pageantry of old days looms the church; Canterbury is a city of churches, of priories, monasteries, hospitals. There is St Dunstan's, where in the Roper vault they say is the head of Sir Thomas More; St Alphege, with a curious epitaph referring to dancing in the churchyard; St Margaret's, where sleeps Somner, antiquary and loyalist; St Peter's, once used by a French congregation; and many another. The Black Friars, the Grey Friars, the White Friars, all had houses in Canterbury. On the banks of the river, hard by St Peter's, the Black Friars in the reign of Henry III. founded one of their first homes, and now their ancient refectory is a Unitarian Baptist Chapel! Therein Daniel Defoe was wont

THE CANTERBURY WEAVERS

to preach. A portion of the house of the Grey Friars still stands on arches above the waters of the river; but as we look on it of no friar do we think, but of the gay cavalier, Richard Lovelace, gallant and poet, who sang—

"When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty."

But he wrote other and more pleasing verses, though none more curious. The Brethren of St Francis, the Franciscans or Grey Friars, came to this country in the first quarter of the thirteenth century, and their first habitation was this in Canterbury. They numbered but nine, these first comers, of whom only one was a priest, a man of Norfolk, by name Richard Ingworth. The monks of Christ Church were hospitable to them; they acquired a small piece of land and built thereon a wooden chapel. But it was felt to be incumbent on this begging fraternity not to become owners of land, so the donors of this plot handed it over to the city to be held for the friars.

They did not, however, remain on their original site, but moved in 1270 to a tiny island in the Stour called Bynnewith. Henry Beale, mayor in 1478, was buried in their church. Then in bad time came Henry VIII., and the brotherhood was turned out of house and home. In the days of Good Queen Bess the house was in the possession of the Lovelaces; so here dwelt Colonel Richard, cavalier and poet, who wrote this immortal lyric:—

"Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

"True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."

Then there are the East Bridge Hospital, possibly founded by Becket for "wayfaring and hurt men," now an almshouse, and St John's Hospital, with its charming half-timber gateway, and others. And what should such a city do without a castle? Yet the good citizens are content

with a neglected ruin, the remnants of a fortress first built in the twelfth century, and full of historic memory. But castles have no living faith to keep them whole and sound; they have no usefulness, and this is a utilitarian age. Indeed, it is solely due to accident that any part of the fine old keep remains, for in the early years of last century the city fathers decided to utilise it as a quarry. But modern picks found ancient cement too strong for them, and the undertaking, not proving remunerative, was abandoned. It would have been a gross blunder to leave Canterbury unfortified, standing as it did upon the most important coast road in the kingdom. The keep was completed about 1125, and the castle further strengthened by Henry II. At one period it was the principal county prison. Here it stands amid the prosaic modernity of to-day, a hoar and unhonoured relic of the wild past.

From this desecration we turn to the leafy walks that surround the Dane John, that mysterious mound whose principal use has been to afford sport for etymological antiquaries. Donjon, we are told it may be rightly; may be also wrongly. Best had we mount the steps to the summit of the city wall, hereabouts in a wonderfully good state of preservation, and walk along it

toward the cattle-market and so on to St Augustine's College. Here we touch fingers with pagan days, for on this spot, so it is related, Ethelbert worshipped the gods of his fathers. To St Augustine he gave this temple, though such a high-sounding name misfits what was doubtless a modest erection, and it was consecrated as a Christian church in the name of St Pancras. Between it and the city rose the Benedictine monastery of St Peter and St Paul, afterward dedicated also to Augustine himself and by his name thenceforth generally known. In July 1538 came the downfall with the arrival of Henry VIII.'s commissioners; there was a demonstration of resistance on the part of the monks, but cannon provided a conclusive argument; and then the end, the glory departed. Here were buried not only Augustine, but King Ethelbert and many of the archbishops. The saint who came as an apostle of Christianity to Kent founded this great monastery; now it is a missionary college of the Church of England, whence preachers of Christ's teaching go forth to the ends of the earth. On the saint's tomb could once be read a brief epitome of the events of his stirring life: "Here resteth the Lord Augustine, first Arch-

THE QUADRANGLE, ST AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE, CANTERBURY

bishop of Canterbury, who erewhile was sent hither by Blessed Gregory, Bishop of the City of Rome, and being helped by God to work miracles, drew over King Ethelbert and his race from the worship of idols to the faith of Christ. Having ended in peace the days of his ministry, he departed hence seven days before the Kalends of June in the reign of the same king, A.D. 605."

To King Ethelbert, a heathen, and to Bertha, his queen, a Christian, came Augustine to preach the gospel; and Christian worship he found carried on by Lindhard, the queen's French chaplain, in a small chapel standing outside the city walls, the present church of St Martin, altered in aspect, but the "mother church of England." Through the mists of centuries we cannot clearly see; we know not how far well or ill disposed toward Christianity the King may have been; at any rate, as he permitted his queen to follow her creed, his disposition cannot have been actively evil. The King met the band of missionaries in the Isle of Thanet, promised not to molest them, and to give them all that was needed for their support, with permission to make all the converts they could. From the island Augustine and his comrades crossed to Richborough, the old Roman fortress

of Rutupiæ, and so on by the Roman road toward Canterbury. On the slope of St Martin's Hill the welcome sight of a Christian place of worship met their eyes, light amid darkness. As Augustine stood on the height, looking over the rude city on the islands of the Stour, did any prophetic vision come to him? His heart was doubtless high with hope, but he dared not have dreamed that the future was to be so glorious as we know it to have been. Then came the baptism of Ethelbert on Whitsunday in the year 597, in St Martin's Church, and as usual, even in later days, the example of a king soon set a fashion. Of St Pancras' Church we already know the story. Of the first cathedral in Canterbury no stone remains. When the saint died he was buried not far from the roadside, the Kent and Canterbury Hospital occupying the ground where his bones rested—until they were translated to the church of the monastery he had founded but had not lived to see completed. It is told of a stern soldier that he desired to be buried by the roadside, so that he might hear the tramp of the troops as they marched by to war; is it too far-fetched to think of the missionary Augustine lying asleep somewhere near by the college that has succeeded to his monastery,

comforted by the sound of voices that like his are to preach the gospel to the heathen? Indeed, Canterbury is a city of great memories.

Augustine was, of course, the monastery's chief treasure, and next came the body of St Mildred, which was given to the house by Canute. It must never be forgotten by those who would look at things mediæval with mediæval eyes, that in those days the dead were more powerful than the living; even kings humbled themselves before the bones of dead saints. This relic worship became almost a madness, and the rage seized upon monks and their rulers, who stooped to the meanest thefts in order to possess themselves of such valuables. It is related that the monks of St Augustine's Abbey offered to make Roger, the keeper of the altar of the Martyrdom, their abbot, if only he would steal for them the fragment of Becket's skull which was entrusted to his charge. He fell to the temptation, and rose to be ruler of the rival house. For many a long year indeed St Augustine's dominated and domineered over Christ Church; and for more than one reason. The former was an abbey, the latter but a mere priory; in the precincts of the former was buried England's apostle Augustine, and Ethelbert, Augustine's successor Lawrence—indeed,

the first eight occupants of the archiepiscopal throne. How could a poor cathedral with never an archbishop's bones hope to contend with such favoured rivalry? So St Cuthbert, the ninth archbishop, came to the rescue, preferring to lay his bones in his own cathedral rather than in the church of the rival establishment. He foresaw the difficulties that would arise; provided against them by procuring from the King of Kent and from the Pope an authorisation to be buried within the city walls, which he handed to the sorrowing monks as he lay adying, bidding them also to bury him first and toll the bell afterward. So it came to pass that when Abbot Aldhelm and the monks of St Augustine's came to claim their lawful prey, they were defeated and retired in dismay. They struggled once more over the body of the succeeding Archbishop Bregwin, and then succumbed to the inevitable. The glory of the Cathedral waxed; it covered the graves of St Dunstan, St Alphege, and St Anselm; then came St Thomas and eclipse to St Augustine.

Of the church but a few fragments remain, though at the beginning of last century Ethelbert's Tower, built about 1047, was still standing. South of the church are the remains of St Pancras'

Church, where excavations have revealed much of interest.

After the heavy hand of Henry VIII. had fallen on it, the abbey served him as a palace, afterward coming into the possession of many owners, and at length reaching a deep depth of degradation and ruin. From this it was rescued by Mr A. J. Beresford Hope in 1844, and was eventually incorporated as a college to provide "an education to qualify young men for the service of the Church in the distant dependencies of the British Empire, with such strict regard to economy and frugality of habit as may fit them for the special duties to be discharged, the difficulties to be encountered, and the hardships to be endured." The college buildings were designed by Mr Butterfield, and opened in 1848 on St Peter's Day. Of the old abbey, several buildings have been "worked into" the new college; one of the most important is the fourteenth century gateway, which is the main entrance, and above the archway of which is the State bedchamber, in which Elizabeth and other monarchs have rested their royal bones. The College Hall is the old Guesten Hall, and retains the ancient open-work roof.

But somehow there does not shimmer round St Augustine's the romance of history; it is too closely

in touch with to-day to allow us to dream of its yesterday. We meet no shadowy figures there of abbot or monk, of prince or soldier, hear no echoes of the clash of arms or of the voices of singers. It is as dead to us as the Cathedral and the quaint streets near by are alive.

From the city the Longport Road leads up a gentle ascent to St Martin's. To whom this church was first dedicated is uncertain. Of the Roman building only some of the bricks remain; it was to some extent restored by the Normans, and to a great extent rebuilt in the thirteenth century.

The first feeling as we enter the churchyard and look upon this famous House of God is one of disappointment; there is something rough and homely about the clumsy walls of stones, flint, and Roman tiles, and the squat tower, creeper clad. But the associations of the little building render it lovely to us. No matter what the faith may be of him who stands in this seemly God's-acre, he cannot but be profoundly impressed by the view as he turns first to the spot where Augustine baptised the heathen king, and then toward the soaring Cathedral tower, beneath whose shadow lie buried so many Christian kings and rulers. The very building "has had a remarkable history, surviving

ST MARTIN'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY

disuse and decay, surviving the savage destructiveness of Jutes, the devastation of Danish invaders, the innovating rigour of Norman architects, and the apathy of succeeding centuries." Setting our backs to the older we turn to later days and to-day, as we walk home to the city. The sun is setting; the sky panoplied in gold; lights shine out here and there from homely windows; workmen tramp to their rest; there is a gentle melancholy reigning over all things, as there ever is in ancient cities; above all broods the Cathedral, its splendid tower, steeped in the rays of the departing day, looking down as though it were no handiwork of mortal man, but some creation of Nature, immutable, inscrutable, full of majesty, of power, of everlasting dignity.

A CANTERBURY ROUND-ABOUT

THERE are many delightful places round about Canterbury, beautiful to look on and historically of the greatest interest. We set out of a morning along Northgate, passing the fine half-timbered gateway of St John's Hospital, which was founded by Lanfranc, in the year 1084, for the comfort of the aged who were poor and infirm. The entrance is a most beautiful piece of fifteenth century timber-work, one of the most delightful "bits" in Canterbury, and the enclosure within is a veritable harbour of refuge from the noise and the turmoil without. The west door of the chapel is Norman, and there are other fragments which will interest the architect. In the hall is preserved a sixteenth century account-book, from which we quote this curious item: "Note that Laurence Wryght was admonished the xxviij daye of Maye the fyrst yere

of Kyng Edwarde the vjth for sclanderyng of the prior Christofer Sprott and the pryors syster Margaret Forster for dwellyng yn to tenements under on rofe. Wyttnesses brother Wyllyam Pendleton, brother Wyllyam Kytson"; one more sad proof that brethren do not always dwell together in unity or amity.

On, past the depressing range of barracks and along the straight, level road to Sturry. Esturei, the island in the Stour, is a pleasing, old-fashioned village, with ample accommodation for the refreshment of man and beast. The church of St Nicholas stands guarded by a grove of chestnut-trees, and hard by are the remains, including the gate, of Sturry Court, dating from the reign of James I. Turning to the right just beyond the Welsh Harp Inn—how does such a sign come here?—we reach in a few minutes Fordwich bridge, beneath which flows the narrow waters of the Stour; once on a time the scene of busy traffic, for we are looking on the ancient port of Canterbury. How changed the scene, now so quiet and out-of-the-world, since the days when this was a tidal water, since an arm of the sea covered the valley of the Stour as far up as Chilham, beyond Canterbury! Up to Fordwich—possibly Fiord Wich—in

olden days large vessels could be navigated, hence the importance of the place for trading purposes. Domesday Book records that there were seven fisheries and ten mills here—a busy, thriving place, now the home of memories. The Abbey of St Augustine owned the manor here, by gift from Edward the Confessor and others, and the monks and the townspeople do not appear to have lived upon the best of terms. The monks of Christ Church also traded here, and their presence does not appear to have made for peace. Fordwich was a "limb" of the Sandwich Cinque Port, on the same river but fourteen miles farther down the stream, sharing with that ancient and once glorious town the ship service, so valuable to the kings of England. Until 1861 Fordwich possessed a corporation, the first mayor in 1292 being one John Maynard. The government consisted of the mayor, twelve jurats, the freemen, and various officers, whose powers included those of life and death. The works of Nature and of man have combined to destroy the commercial prosperity of the erstwhile port; the Wantsum—which cut off Thanet from the mainland—has ceased to be; the Stour has silted up, to the detriment also of decayed Sandwich; and Canterbury is connected with the

sea by railways to Whitstable, Faversham, and Dover.

Therefore as we stand upon this little bridge of stone, though the prospect has many charms it is tinged with the sadness of decay and death. There is the ancient crane of wood, now usually idle ; and the river-banks once so busy are now deserted save by occasional merry-makers and water parties. Much water has flowed beneath this bridge since Fordwich was a thriving sea-port, but less and less year by year—the tide of prosperity has ebbed with the tides of the sea; all that is left is but a memory and a few pieces of wreckage on the shore of time.

Passing over the bridge we walk through the deserted village, for such it appears to be at this hour of noon, until we come to the sign of the Fordwich Arms, where we may rest and restore. Opposite the inn is the Town Hall, of which we have heard so much that its diminutive size is somewhat startling. It is a square building with high-pitched, tiled roof; the upper story is half timbered, overhanging the lower of mingled stone and brick. Ascending a steep, short flight of modern wooden stairs, we enter the quaint Council Chamber—quaint in its tininess as compared with

the matters of import once enacted therein; it is little more than thirty feet long by twenty-three broad, and is lighted by three windows of lattice. The wall opposite to the entrance is wainscoted, in the centre being the mayor's seat, with those of the jurats on either hand; and, above, the royal arms and those of the Cinque Ports, with the legend below—"1660. Love and Honour the Truth"; and we will trust that the mayor and jurats did so, for their powers were great. Across the room runs a heavy black beam, on either end of which stand two gaudy drums, once beaten by the heavy hands of the pressgang; and in the centre the village cucking-stool, the use of which is deemed no longer necessary. It is said—with what want of truth who shall decide?—that a sort of cupboard high up in the wall, was used as a drying loft for the unfortunate ladies after they had been immersed. Women had more wrongs than rights in those forceful days. On the ground floor is the lock-up, a chilly place, now a mere curiosity; once a very stern reality to debtors, poachers and greater malefactors.

Turning back from the river, we proceed to the church, surrounded by a grassy graveyard; there is not much to detain us here, the building being

chiefly interesting for its old-world air. There is the pew once used by the mayor and another for the singers and players, who aforetime sat aloft in the gallery beneath the tower; a Norman font and a fine tomb, which possibly was that of the founder of the church. In the woodwork of the gallery at the west end are two shelves, upon which were placed the loaves of bread to be distributed on a Sunday to the poor, under the bequest of Thomas Bigge.

We can return to Canterbury by another and more pleasant route than that by which we came. Following the road uphill, past the pretty cottage where we obtained the keys of the church, we turn to the right, so gaining a cleanly field path. Before us rise low grassy knolls; behind us, screened by trees, the spire of Fordwich church and the gables of its houses and cottages; on our right hand the broad, flat valley of the Stour, the Sturry Road marked by the straight line of trees. Bobbing up and down goes the path, so that we scarcely note that we are gradually ascending, until suddenly we find ourselves high up, looking down on the outskirts of Canterbury; beneath us the trumpets ring out from the barracks notes of modernity and echoes of old fighting days; before us soars the

tower of the Cathedral, shrouded—when we saw it —in mists and wisps of falling rain; on our left the level ground where the cavalry exercise. Along this track for sure, when in old days the valley was a swamp, many a weary traveller has toiled from the coast unto the old city; how their hearts must have leaped within them as they saw rising there the Angel Steeple, perhaps bathed in the rays of the setting sun, perchance veiled in sorrowful clouds. As did we, so must they have passed on down the slope to St Martin's Church, and so to the city gate, now vanished. It is but a short walk this which we have taken, short in the distance we traverse, but it takes us back to dim, far gone ages; now the train, with its pennant of white, thunders along the valley, where of old coracles have floated, and we return from our visit to a village that may be called a mile-stone on the road of history, to a great cathedral city, where Britons shivered in mud and wicker hovels on the reedy islets of the Stour.

On a fresh and breezy morning, the sky washed clean by the rain and flecked with thin white clouds, we walked out by the West Gate on our way to Harbledown, by many held to be Chaucer's "little town" which "y-cleped is Bob-up-and-down, Under

CANTERBURY

The Cathedral, St Martin's Church Tower, and Harbledown

the Blee in Canterbury way." Turning along the London Road to the left, the road to Whitstable running right ahead, we soon found ourselves leaving the main road by a small lane, the Canterbury end of the famous Pilgrims' Way from Winchester. How ancient this track may be no man knows; but it was in existence long before pilgrimages were dreamed of, before Christianity had come to the country, being utilised probably for the conveyance of metals and merchandise from the west to the east. Soon we have clambered through the mud to the summit of a little hill, from which we gain a wide view of the surrounding country. Before us stands out Bigberry Wood, with its ancient camp; turning to the left, on either side the mill, whose sails are at rest, we see Canterbury spread out in the broad valley, which to the eyes of the earliest wayfarers by this route presented a desolate scene of marsh and woodland. Turning to our right there are the hop fields, with gaunt bare poles; the red roofs of Sidney Cooper's home; and, farther round, Harbledown and the Hospital of St Nicholas. We go on down the slippery descent, until we reach a brawling stream, spanned by a small wooden bridge; keeping to our right, through the hop field, we soon find a path

clambering up toward the hospital, and suddenly before us the stone archway covering the well known by the name of the Black Prince. Primroses are peeping forth out of the abundant winter foliage; but for some reason we cannot call up much interest in this well, ancient though it be, perhaps because of the falsity of the story that connects it with the Black Prince. A few yards higher and we find ourselves behind the long, low building of the hospital, and then we stand within what we may call the precincts. This lazar house was founded by the busy Lanfranc, and the west door of the church is Norman work. The interior of this edifice is well worth visiting; there is about it—though restored—a savour of old-world days and a pathos of suffering, as we think of the leprous men and women who have worshipped here long days ago. The Norman carving on some of the pillars is good, and the roof a fine example of the strength of old work. In the chancel are some old seats, and some benches older still in the body of the church. Old—how old! echoes through our mind as we stand here, and again as we lay our hands on the ancient gnarled tree in the churchyard; how old it all is, this church set high upon the hill, overlooking a vast stretch of valleys and

uplands. What sights has this old tree looked down upon, what sounds heard—troops marching by to the war, pilgrims marching by to the shrine of St Thomas (for we are looking down on the road to London). How the coaches toiled up these hills a century ago. And even as we listen, we hear the rush and trumpeting of a motor-car.

The other buildings are of modern years; in the centre of the neat dwelling-houses stands the hall, where various relics are preserved and made into a raree-show, the only one that touched home to us being the old collecting box, which was formerly hung up outside the gate so that passers-by might drop in such coins as they cared to spare. Into this box it is possible that Erasmus dropped his "consolation," of which he tells us in his description of his walk toward London with Colet, a passage oft quoted but worth quoting again. ". . . . those who journey to London, not long after leaving Canterbury, find themselves in a road at once very hollow and narrow, and moreover the banks on either side are so steep and abrupt, that there is no possibility of escape; nor can the journey be made by any other way. On the left hand of this road is a hospital of a few old men, and as soon as they perceive any horsemen approaching,

one of them runs out, sprinkles him with holy water, and presently offers the upper part of a shoe, bound with a brazen rim, and set with a piece of glass resembling a jewel. People kiss this relic, and give some small coin in acknowledgment. . . . As Cratian[1] rode on my left hand, next to the hospital, he had his sprinkling of water; this he put up with; but, when the shoe was held out, he asked the man what he wanted. He said, that it was the shoe of St Thomas. On that my friend was irritated, and turning to me he said, 'What, do these brutes imagine that we must kiss every good man's shoe? Why, by the same rule, they might offer his spittle to be kissed, or what else.' For my part I pitied the old man, and gave him a small piece of money by way of consolation. . . . From such matters as cannot be at once corrected I am accustomed to gather whatever good can be found in them."[2]

The foundation consists of a Master, nine Brethren (one of whom is Prior and another sub-Prior), seven Sisters, and various Pensioners.

We turn back as we go out of the picturesque gate and across the road to the high footpath,

[1] Colet.

[2] Erasmus, *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*; trans. J. G. Nicholls.

and see that still the banks on either side are steep and abrupt. We pass the parish church of St Mildred, and then, descending the hill, there bursts upon us another grand view of Canterbury, the Cathedral domineering over the city. "There are two vast towers that seem to salute the visitor from afar, and make the surrounding country far and wide resound with the wonderful booming of their brazen bells," so says Erasmus. The towers have changed since his day, but to his eyesight as to ours the view must have been wonderfully impressive; the more so in that as he stood there in this roadway, he could realise as we never can what the sight of those towers meant to the pilgrims who passed him by. He had been to that shrine, and his broad mind, while contemplating some folly which he could not praise, understood that beneath all this to which his companion so strongly objected there lay much of good, and that a ruthless destruction of the tares might prove disastrous also to the wheat.

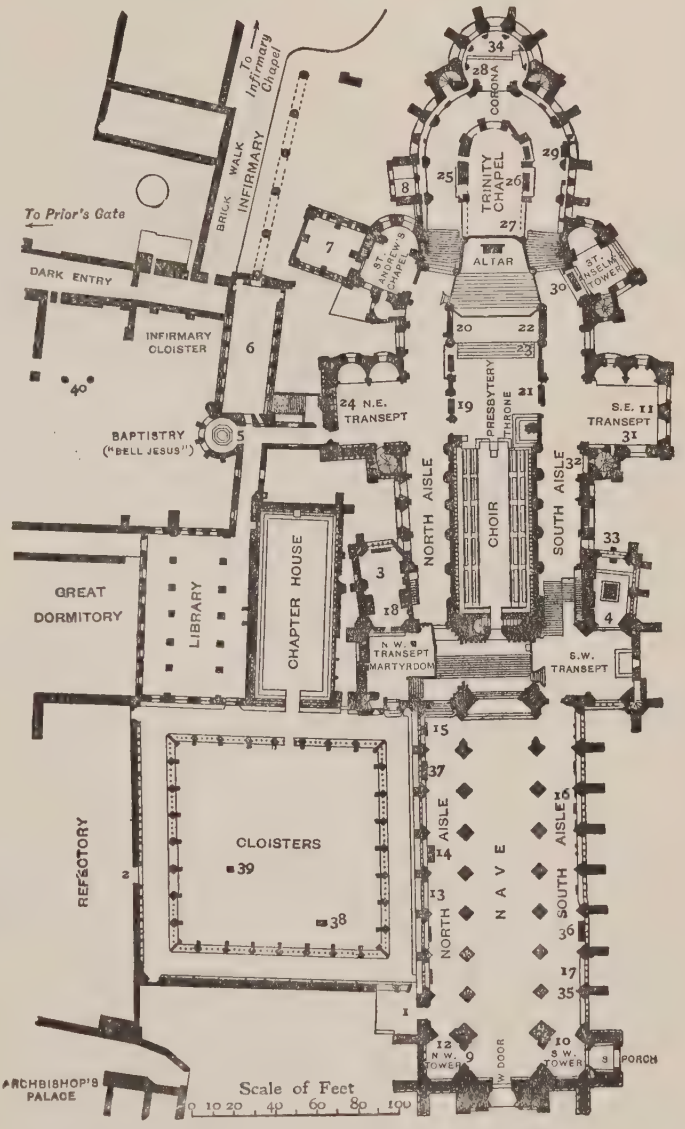
We soon pass by the opening—or rather the close—of the Pilgrims' Way, and stopping at the sexton's house in London Road, obtain his guidance to the church of St Dunstan, where there is much to see of interest. Immediately inside the western

porch, a door admits us to the ancient lepers' chapel, now used as a vestry, where those outcast folk could join in the worship of the congregation by using the squint, now blocked up with a cupboard. Here is an ancient chest, once on a time used for the collection of Peter's Pence; and the table, a fine piece of cabinet work, is the old sounding-board. At the east end of the church is the Roper Chapel, in the vault beneath lying buried Margaret Roper and the head of Sir Thomas More, her father. To this chapel pilgrims still come, and another form of reverence has been paid to the "martyr" by the offers more than once made to purchase this unpleasant relic. When the vault was opened in 1879, during the restoration of the church, the head was found to be in a state of perfect preservation.

On the opposite side of the roadway, a short distance farther on toward the city, built into a brewery, is the red brick gateway of Roper House —or Rooper, as it is spelled on the monument in the church—where Margaret preserved the sad relic, which had first been exhibited on London Bridge.

And so back again to Canterbury.

1. Door to Cloisters.
2. Door in Cloisters.
3. Dean's (or Lady) Chapel.
4. Warrior Chapel.
5. Baptistry.
6. Library (Howleian), site of Prior's Chapel.
7. Treasury.
8. Chapel of King Henry IV.
9. Arundel Tower (N.W.).
10. Dunstan Tower (S.W.).
11. Entrance to French Church.
12. Archbishop Benson.
13. Bishop Parry.
14. Archbishop Sumner.
15. Sir T. Hales.
16. Colonel Stuart.
17. Dr Beaney.
18. Dean Fotherbye.
19. Archbishop Chicheley.
20. Archbishop Bourchier.
21. Archbishop Kemp.
22. Archbishop Sudbury.
23. St Dunstan (site).
24. Archbishop Tait.
25. King Henry IV.
26. Edward the Black Prince.
27. Becket's Shrine (site).
28. Cardinal Pole.
29. Unknown.
30. Archbishop Mepham.
31. Archbishop Winchelsey.
32. Henry de Estria.
33. Stephen Langton.
34. Archbishop's ancient Chair.
35. Memorial to Dean Farrar.
36. William Broughton, Bishop of Sydney and Adelaide.
37. Archbishop Boyes.
38. Tomb of Dean Farrar.
39. Tomb of Archbishop Temple.
40. Two columns from Reculvers.



GROUND PLAN OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE WHITSTABLE OYSTER FLEET DREDGING OFF HERNE BAY

THE COAST

History, romance, natural beauty have allied to give interest to the shores that lie between the Reculvers and Dungeness. There are other portions of our coasts more grand, none more quaint and homely, none where we can trace the passage of great men and the relics of great days with more delight, and none where the story of the sea is more redolent of adventure and achievement. Kent has ever been the outpost of England; men of war and men of peace have crossed and recrossed the narrow seas that divide France from Britain; in Kent landed Cæsar, the Saxons and Saint Augustine; as we walk along the summit of the white cliffs or along the margin of the green marshes the air is filled with echoes of the past, echoes of the chanting of missionaries and of pilgrims, of the shouts of soldiers and of seamen fighting.

As we stand on the beach at Herne Bay, or look out of the window of our train as it rushes from Grove Ferry past Sarre to Minster, we see, some few miles off the twin towers of Reculver Church, "The Sisters," now close upon the waves, but once some considerable distance therefrom. Here stood the Roman fortress of Regulbium, guarding the northern entrance of the broad strait which of old divided the Isle of Thanet from the mainland; it was merely a fort, a military—or perhaps we should say naval—defence, there being probably no settlement here, no road hence leading inland. At Richborough we think of the Romans and of Augustine; here we are chiefly caught by Saxon memories of Ethelbert, who came here to live after his conversion to Christianity, and here he was *not* buried, as legend would have us believe. "The Sisters" are a landmark still to sailors, as they have been these many stormy years, and were first set up, so the story goes, by a certain Abbess who was wrecked here with her sister.

"You may see, some half-way
'Twixt the pier at Herne Bay
And Margate, the place where you're going to stay,
A village called Birchington, famed for its 'Rolls,'
As the fishing-bank, just in its front, is for Soles."

MARGATE HARBOUR

So sang Thomas Ingoldsby, giving us another and a quainter origin for the two towers, for doth he not continue?—

> "Re-*cul*-ver some style it,
> While others revile it
> As bad, and say *Re*-culver—and isn't worth while it
> Would seem to dispute, when we know the result immat—
> erial—I accent, myself, the penultimate.
> "Sages with brains
> Full of 'Saxon remains,'
> May call me a booby, perhaps, for my pains,
> Still I hold, at the hazard of being thought dull by 'em,
> Fast by the quantity mark'd by *Regulbium*,"

and there we may leave that question and the place, and Birchington, and hie us on to merry Margate.

"Margate has arisen from the humble condition of a village of poor fishermen to a degree of extent and opulence scarcely exceeded by the most elegant and fashionable watering-places in the kingdom." So wrote Mr L. Fussell in his "original notes made during a summer excursion" round the coast of Kent, published in 1818; and the remark might have been made of the present day. But let us away from the noise and racket, turning our mind's eye upon the past. As we look out to sea, what is that strange, lubberly vessel, which staggers toward the shore? What else but one of the far-famed Margate hoys, which when the wind was not *very*

fair would take a week or more conveying its miserable passengers from London to Margate. Even around so despicable an object as this, Charles Lamb shed the glamour of his geniality, once having spent "a brief week at Margate," the first occasion upon which his sister and he had seen the sea. "Can I forget thee, thou old Margate hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet?" And yet he drops a hint of discomfort, concerning "the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin!" And another figure that it is pleasant to call up from the vasty deep of history is that of the splendid Duke of Marlborough, going forth to and returning from his victories in the Low Countries, for Margate in his days was a favourite starting-point for Holland. But for the watering-place of to-day we have little love, save as a stepping-off place for a walk along the cliffs to Broadstairs and Ramsgate.

A pleasant walk it is on a fine day, when a cool breeze tempers the heat of the sun; we need not hurry, but will pause ever and anon to look—not around, but out over the sea, for next to the sky's

KINGSGATE CASTLE FROM THE WEST

there is no so varied and unfathomable beauty as that of the ocean; we may live with it all our lives yet know not all its beauties, or a tithe of them.

We soon reach Kingsgate, of curious memories of sham antique villas and of very real smugglers; here, in 1760, Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, built himself a mansion, the design being taken from that of Cicero's habitation on the shores of Baiæ, with adornments of porticoes, marble columns, extraordinary stables, which are now a castle, and the "Convent," now a residence, and so forth;

> "Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
> Here H—d formed the pious resolution
> To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
> A broken character and constitution."

And his servants, so it was said, were also smugglers, helping to impoverish the revenue and to enrich themselves by the illicit introduction of silks and satins, tea and brandy. But of smugglers and their devious ways more anon.

So on over the springy turf, up to the North Foreland lighthouse, where a beacon has stood for centuries warning mariners to steer clear of the dreaded Goodwin Sands, a primitive arrangement at first of a coal fire in an open grate, but now

equipped with a light visible for thirty miles. Had we stood up here on the 26th of June 1666 we should have witnessed a stirring set-to between our men under Prince Rupert and Monk and the Dutch led by de Ruyter and de Witt, the former with fifty-four sail and the latter with eighty, and Britannia had to fight stoutly for her sovereignty of the waves. Can we not still catch the rolling echoes of the guns?

Then on to Broadstairs, where what is new and ugly has almost smothered what is ancient and picturesque. Here we meet with Charles Dickens, whence he wrote in 1837, "I have walked upon the sands at low water from this place to Ramsgate, and sat upon the same at high ditto till I have been flayed with the cold. I have seen ladies and gentlemen walking upon the earth in slippers of buff, and pickling themselves in the sea in complete suits of the same. I have seen stout gentlemen looking at nothing through powerful telescopes for hours, and, when at last they saw a cloud of smoke, fancying a steamer behind it, and going home comfortable and happy." Here we can take our luncheon at the Albion Hotel, where he stayed in 1845 and at other times. But how much changed are most of our surroundings from those which

AN OLD BIT OF BROADSTAIRS FROM THE PIER

Bleak House on the left

Dickens described in a letter dated the 1st of September 1843: "this is a little fishing-place, intensely quiet, built on a cliff, whereon—in the centre of a tiny semicircular bay—our house stands; the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands . . . . whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark, as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants. Also there is a big lighthouse called the North Foreland on a hill behind the village, a severe parsonic light, which reproves the young and giddy floaters, and stares grimly out upon the sea. Under the cliff are rare good sands, where all the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications, which the sea throws down again at high water. Old gentlemen and ancient ladies flirt after their own manner in two reading-rooms, and on a great many scattered seats in the open air. . . . In a bay-window in a one-pair sits, from nine o'clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who smiles and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz." And is it possible that Miss Betsy Trotwood lived here in the flesh, her real name Miss Strong? Then there is Fort House, his "airy nest," now absurdly named Bleak House, for not a line of that

book was written here, and it was not the original of the home of Mr Jarndyce.

Our Mr Fussell tells a tall tale of a wonderful fish. "In the year 1574 a monstrous fish of the cetaceous kind was driven on shore at Broadstairs, and excited both terror and astonishment by its prodigious bulk, being twenty-two yards long, twelve feet in breadth, and fourteen in depth or thickness. The fins were each four feet six inches long, and between eight and nine feet asunder. The lower jaw opened to the width of twelve feet, and a tall man could stand upright in the orbit of the eye." Monstrous indeed!

It was to the chapel here of the Virgin that the good Abbess was proceeding when she was wrecked at Reculver, to which building, as to that which she erected, ships of old were wont to lower their topsails.

We can husband our walking power, and will lose little of enjoyment by going on to Ramsgate on the electric car, and shall gain a decided thrill at the close of our short journey when our conveyance crawls down the steep hill to the harbour.

Ramsgate is not without historical interest; it was a member of the Cinque Port of Sandwich, and various remains found indicate that the Romans

IN RAMSGATE HARBOUR

used it as an outwork—so to speak—of Rutupiæ. In 1565 it does not seem to have been in a very flourishing condition, owning to but twenty-five houses, fourteen boats, and seventy fishermen, but it did its duty toward the Armada. Though incorporated in 1884, it is still a "Vill of Sandwich." Its chief fame is as a resort for holiday makers, but its principal claim to favour is its harbour, the best of a bad lot upon this coast, to which in stormy weather many a vessel has run for safety. If it were not notable for anything else, the name of Ramsgate would shine out golden on the pages of the record of brave deeds for the splendid work done here by the lifeboat and its heroic crews. Opposite lies the fatal Goodwins, and we cannot do better than turn to Mr Clark Russell's delightful book *Betwixt the Forelands* for a glimpse of the perils braved by these almost nameless heroes:—"I have passed many years in this neighbourhood, and have witnessed a good deal of lifeboat work in my day, and I think I know how to value what is done in this way by the Ramsgate men. It is a hard thing to realise, unless you have witnessed it on the right sort of occasions. You must think of the black winter's night; two o'clock in the morning, call it It is blowing stormily, there is a sullen

note as of fierce commanding heard afar, coming up athwart the wind, from the base of the cliffs stretching hoarily away into the throbbing darkness. The air is blinded by frequent snow-storms, which ring upon the ear with a sort of shriek in their outfly. The few street lamps are starting and flickering wildly, and the shadows leap madly upon the pavement round about them. People disturbed by the groaning of the wind in the chimneys, shiver in their beds and pull the covering higher yet towards their noses. The streets are empty ; at every corner the volleying wind is as the shearing of the ice-cold steel of a giant's scythe. Window casements rattle, there is a melancholy roaring in every tree. But the deep and warring note of the ocean sounds fiercely above all near noises, and thrills through the shout of the hurricane blast itself with a peculiar trembling like to what is produced upon the hearing by the low notes of a great organ. Suddenly a windy spot of fire burns upon the horizon at the extremity of that palpitating stretch of glimmering pallor where the line of the sea shows in a visionary faintness against the inexpressible blackness of the low-lying sky. The dull report of a gun from the windward reaches the land ; the sparkle as of a shooting star—a speck of flame—is seen floating

LOOKING ACROSS PEGWELL BAY FROM THE RAMSGATE SIDE

over the Goodwins. It is a rocket, and in a few minutes such another signal soars from the Ramsgate pier-head, and there is a rush for the life-boat. You need to run with that crowd of men fresh from their blankets, and many of them struggling into their clothes as they race up the pier; you need to feel the weight of the gale which forces you to lean into it, which half suffocates you with the furious pouring of it into your lungs; you need to look over the parapet of the pier, where all is ink on high and all is wool below, to appreciate the sort of pluck these rude silent running figures are exhibiting."

But it is a fine spring afternoon for us, and we set forth along the High Street toward Saint Lawrence, named after one of the companions of Saint Augustine, and so out on to the Canterbury road. The glorious view from the highlands we are treading gives us pause; a splendid stretch of land and sea; the glittering waters of Pegwell Bay; the low point of Shellness, which could tell many a stormy yarn of the smuggling days; the mouth of the Stour; the towers of Sandwich; the dark, low mass of Richborough Castle; the broad valley, once covered with the ocean; and ahead of us, as we plod on, the spire of Minster Church amid its

guardian trees. What memories crowd upon the mind! Again the Romans and the Saxons, Hengist and Horsa, then Saint Augustine—the dim beginnings of magnificence. It is a pleasant walk along these breezy heights; then we turn off down a narrower track, and so by a short cut across a field into Minster, a charming village, beautifully situated on the slope of the hill, on the verge of the marshes, embowered in trees and surrounded by corn-fields. The well-known legend of Domneva's deer casts a picturesque atmosphere around the early days of this now quiet little village. The story goes that Egbert, King of Kent, felt insecure upon his throne, by reason of the better right to it held by his two cousins, for whose murder, therefore, he gave commands to his servant Thunor. The deed of darkness was done, but a light sent from heaven proclaimed the place of their burial, and the affrighted king appealed for forgiveness to Domneva, the sister of the dead men. It was granted by her on condition that she should receive for the founding of a monastery as much land as could be covered by the running of a deer in one course. The hind was loosed near to Westgate, ran straight across the island, in spite of obstruction by Thunor, who for his wickedness was swallowed up by the earth,

MINSTER CHURCH, ISLE OF SHEPPEY

W
E

and upon the land so won the Monastery of Minster was founded by Domneva, who became the first Abbess, being succeeded by Mildred, who attained to even greater and more saintly repute. The present church, standing on the site of the ancient monastic church, is a building not only beautiful but of great architectural interest. A walk round the well-kept churchyard, with its stately trees and its tombs—humble and pompous—is a fitting prelude to a visit to the interior of the building. The nave is Late Norman, the sturdy pillars being of excellent proportions, those at the west end supporting what are apparently the remains of the massive walls of an earlier erection. There is good Early English work in the choir and transepts, and some exceedingly well-preserved and interesting miserere stalls, the carvings upon which well repay a careful examination. The tower has some good Norman, and the adjoining turret may be Saxon.

Continuing our way over the fields, crossing the railway, we soon come out on the road hard by Ebbs Fleet, now well away from the shore, but once washed by the waters of the broad arm of the sea that divided Thanet from the mainland. What memories cluster round this quiet spot. Here

Saint Augustine landed and met King Ethelbert, who had bidden him await him there, the meeting taking place in the open, possibly because the king went in fear of the magic power of the strangers. Dean Stanley has described the strange and eventful meeting:—"The Saxon king, 'the Son of the Ash-tree,' with his wild soldiers round, seated on the bare ground on one side; on the other side, with a huge silver cross borne before him . . . . and beside it a large picture of Christ painted and gilded, after the fashion of those times, on an upright board, came up from the shore Augustine and his companions, chanting, as they advanced, a solemn litany, for themselves and those to whom they came. He, as we are told, was a man of almost gigantic stature, head and shoulders taller than anyone else; with him were Lawrence, who afterwards succeeded him as Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, who became first Abbot of St Augustine's. They and their companions, amounting altogether to forty, sat down at the king's command, and the interview began." And to Augustine's message the King made answer that though he could not leave the customs which he had so long observed for what was new and doubtful, yet he would not molest them, but rather would

grant them hospitable entreatment and would not hinder them from making such converts as they might be able to do,—little foreseeing that he soon would accept these new and doubtful doctrines, so establishing the Church of England. From Ebbs Fleet the band of preachers crossed over to Richborough on the mainland, making their way thence by the Roman road to Canterbury.

Other legends stir around this high ground, which was once a promontory washed by the sea; here it is said that Hengist and Horsa came with their ships and their mighty, long-locked warriors; here in later days a rock was pointed out on which was set the footprint of Augustine, or, as others had it, of Saint Mildred, to see which, pilgrims were wont to come.

A short walk along the homely country road brings us to Stoneless, where we gain the highroad from Ramsgate to Sandwich, the towers and the trees of Stonar standing up before us in the distance. We are tramping along the dusty road where Roman and Saxon keels have ploughed furrows; the wind blows keenly across the stretches of desolate marsh-lands; clouds sail over head, their shadows coursing across the green sward; away to the left is the long sea-wall guarding the lowlands, the

mouth of the meandering Stour, the white Coast-guard station near Shellness Point, and glimpses of ships upon the sea.

The "Red Lion" offers opportunity for rest and refreshment, and amusement too in the notice therein hung up, warning callers not to carry away their glasses with them, quaintly stating that "persons wilfully doing so" will be looked to—as if it were customary for travellers to pocket their goblets unwittingly.

So on along the dusty road, walking by preference on the grass by its side, until we come opposite Richborough, to which we make our way across country. Crossing the Stour and the railway, we climb up a narrow lane, a humble cottage on the one hand, on the other the towering, massy, frowning wall of the ancient fortress. Then round until we gain an entrance by the Porta Decumana in the western wall. Here on the green sward we may rest awhile.

We are in the midst of all that still stands of the Roman fort of Rutupiæ, standing atop of a slight cliff, which once commanded the arm of the sea which cut off the Island of Thanet from the mainland of Kent, a sea-way that formed the shortest as well as the safest route from Gaul to London,

RECULVER FROM THE WEST

and which was here guarded by the fortress we are in, and at the northern entrance by Regulbium. How changed the map since those days; fields of corn now waving where the waves have tossed their heads; towns and villages now looking out over dry land where once sailed the ships of friends and foes over a broad water running past Reculver, Sarre, Minster, Ebbsfleet, past or over the site of Sandwich, past the high ground from which we are looking out. How changed the view now from what it was then; silence now in place of the tramp of armed men; cattle grazing and ploughed fields where the sea glittered in the sunshine or turned to grey beneath the lowering storm clouds; only these stern fragments remaining of the strong fort, draped with greenery, sheep stolidly browsing in their midst.

Sandwich—the village on the sands—is a picturesque relic of glorious days, when the sea came up to her quays and her ships were ever forward in the fray. When Rutupiæ was deserted by the life-giving ocean, Sandwich gradually grew up into importance, and in the eleventh century it had attained the position of the most important harbour of England. Sandwich takes a place of honour among the Cinque Ports, and a brief glance at its

stirring story adds to the charm of the old-world town the mellowing touch of historic associations. We meet Becket here, both on his way to France after the stormy scene at Northampton, and on his triumphant return to Canterbury and to death in 1170; Cœur de Lion too, coming home from his Austrian prison-house and setting out as barefoot pilgrim to the shrine of St Thomas; Edward the III., homeward bound from the siege of Calais. Elizabeth was expensively entertained here in 1572, one of the purposes of her visit being to inquire into the well-being of the refugees from the Netherlands, driven from home by Spanish cruelty. They were for the most part "gentle and profitable strangers," who devoted themselves chiefly to the making of baize and of market-gardens, though some few were in 1584 banished as notorious and drunken. It must have been a fine scene this visit of the virgin Queen; by the mayor's order every house was decked with black and white, stands were erected in the streets hung with black and white baize, whereon were children spinning yarn; over the Sandown Gate were set out the royal arms and a gilt lion and dragon; the houses were adorned with green boughs and garlands, and the ground strewn with rushes, flags, and various herbs; the

THE BARBICAN, SANDWICH

vicar of Saint Clement's presented her Majesty with an oration, a Greek Testament, and a gold cup; there were sham fights and junketings and banquetings, and altogether good Queen Bess was "very merrie."

As a port, the history of Sandwich makes great and sad reading, great in the far past, sad in the latter years, and war has often sounded here her trumpets and her drums; in 1217 the French wrought sad havoc, but in 1385 the men of Sandwich repulsed a furious assault; and as one of the Cinque Ports, Sandwich always did noble service as long as power remained with her, but the decline and fall of the port was the work of nature, not of man. The Romans, as we have seen, made Richborough the defence of the southern entrance to the Wantsum, the channel which ran up to Reculver, and even before they deserted our island the passage had begun to silt up; but for many a year the Stour remained a navigable river, even as high up as Fordwich; gradually the land was reclaimed, gradually the waters of the Wantsum diminished; first Richborough, then Sandwich and Stonar were left high and dry by the tides; the mouth of the Stour, once at Sandwich, is now nine miles away. Such are a few of the memories that crowd in upon

us as we sit this bright spring afternoon on a seat on the walk which has replaced the walls that of yore shut in the town; few sounds of life come to our ears; away to the left Richborough broods upon its hill; before us lies the little that is left of Stonar, would-be rival to Sandwich, embosomed in trees, and behind it—afar off—the white cliffs of Ramsgate; the Stour flows slowly past, on its nine-mile journey to the sea; there are the green banks, the sails of barges, the lush meadows, the cattle—a Dutch picture,—and behind us, through the fruit trees, the stalwart tower of Saint Clement's. With a sigh over what has been, we walk away, alongside the river, past the last remaining town gate, the Fisher Gate, and so to the bridge, where we will join the loafers who ever frequent it. Turning our backs on the trees of Stonar, we face the Tudor Barbican, a suitably picturesque entry to the picturesque town. How often armed men have tramped through this dark archway! To-day all is prosaic. Yet it would scarce be wise or well to hanker after those dark ages, of which we are wont to remember the beauty and to forget the inutility. Let us enter in, and turn to our right down Strand Street, with its quaint, beetling houses, going on until we reach

Manwood Court, formerly the Grammar School, founded in 1564—as great iron figures across the face of the building tell us—by Sir Roger Manwood, whose father was a worthy tradesman of the town. It is a beautiful house this, with its grey walls and crowstepped gables, its trim lawns and natty flowerbeds forming a fitting foreground. The atmosphere of Sandwich is against vigorous exercise; you can stroll through its old streets, but not walk. One way and another there is much to see, not in detail but rather in general; narrow winding streets, dark lanes, half-timbered house-fronts, carved doorways; Saint Peter's Church, with some fine monuments and some good Norman, and its curious tower, from which curfew has so often been rung; and delightful Saint Clement's Church, whose tower is the most conspicuous feature of the town, impressive and dignified as are all towers of Norman work; so out again on to the walk where we first took our seat.

Our friend Mr Fussell neatly describes Deal as "a seaport without a harbour; but the Downs between the shore and the Goodwin Sands affording a secure road for ships, the town is usually crowded with a succession of visitors, and persons engaged in maritime affairs; passengers also being usually

landed here, letters brought on shore, provisions taken in, and vessels, both outward and homeward bound, commonly waiting for orders and instructions." So it was before the days of steam, when all vessels were dependent on the good-nature of the wind, but now there is not so much to do. For our part it is not the town that interests us, but we like to sit upon the shingle, to look out over the waters, and to dream dreams of those who, going forth to the deep in ships, have stayed their journey here. As we sit there we may recall, despite Mr F:ssell, that Deal did in all probability once upon a time rejoice in the possession of a harbour, the which was filled up long, long years ago, giving place to the straight strip of shingle which we now survey. To-day the houses of the older portions of the town seem, as it were, to be anxious to take a dip in the sea; but when Henry VIII. set up the Castles of Sandown, Deal, and Walmer, there was a considerable space of land between the waves and the front of the place. Out there, afore us, acting as breakwater to the Downs in certain winds, are the Goodwins, which have brought disaster to many a tight ship and much prosperity to Deal, for hundreds of sailing vessels were windbound here on occasion, and then

THE CLOSE OF A STORMY DAY, DEAL CASTLE

Wanda Gág Gardner

indeed the inhabitants of Deal drove a roaring trade. On one such vessel let us fix our mind's eye; let us go back to July 2nd, in the year 1754, when, about three o'clock, the wind being dead against him, the captain of the ship bearing the fortunes of the dying Henry Fielding dropped anchor in the Downs, within two miles of Deal. On July 4th they weighed anchor, but after having struggled with the wind some three or four hours, were obliged to return to their anchorage. "Here," writes Fielding, "though we lay near the shore, that we might promise ourselves all the emolument which could be derived from it, we found ourselves deceived, and that we might with as much convenience be out of the sight of land; for, except when the captain launched forth his own boat, which he did always with great reluctance, we were incapable of procuring anything from Deal but at a price too exorbitant, and beyond the reach even of modern luxury, the fare of a boat from Deal, which lay at two miles' distance, being at least three half-crowns, and if we had been in any distress for it, as many half-guineas; for these good people consider the sea as a large common appendant to their manor, in which, when they find any of their fellow-creatures impounded, they conclude that

they have a full right of making them pay at their own discretion for their deliverance: to say the truth, whether it be that men who live on the sea-shore are of an amphibious kind, and do not entirely partake of human nature, or whatever else may be the reason, they are so far from taking any share in the distress of mankind, or of being moved with any compassion for them, that they look upon them as blessings showered down from above, and which, the more they improve to their own use, the greater is their gratitude and piety." Here they lay until Monday, July 8th, and then were able to proceed upon their journey. Truly we travel more comfortably now.

The Deal boatmen seem to have been a very human mixture of vices and virtues, but on the whole tending toward skill and gallantry; in fact, the longshoreman was, take him for all in all, an honest, plucky, hardworking fellow. They were excellent hands at smuggling, and many an anker of spirits have been run here of a dark night. But the day is bright and mild as we sit here on the shelving beach, on which tiny wavelets break with gentle murmur; the sky is deep blue, speckled with white clouds that promise wind; the sea heaves with an oily motion; a few ships ride at

anchor, or are sailing up the Channel; a huge hulking steamer thrashes along with white foam at prow and stern; and out there are the Goodwins. Their name calls up the spectre of wanton storms. It is curious that not many uncanny stories have gathered round these haunted sands; surely here if anywhere should appear ghostly ships manned by ghostly mariners; surely here through the surge and roar of the storm should be heard the cries of the hosts whose bones are buried deep in the devouring sand; surely here, on moonlit nights, when the breezes sigh over the tranquil waters, should be seen the spirits of the departed? The best-known legend of the Goodwins is connected with their mysterious origin. It is narrated that for the building of the steeple of Tenterden Church, was used stone intended for the sea-wall of the Goodwins, then a portion of the mainland. There arose a great storm, the sea overwhelmed the dry land, and thus these terrible sands were formed. Who can be cruel enough to doubt the veracity of such a tale? Latimer adorns the story with this addition anent Sir Thomas More:—"Maister More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to trie out (if it might be) what was the cause of Goodwin Sandes and the shelfs that stopped up Sandwich

Haven. Thether commeth Maister More, and calleth the countrye afore him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihoode best certify him of that matter, concerning the stopping of the Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an olde man with a white head, and one that was thought to be a little lesse than an hundereth yeares old. When Maister More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to heare him say his minde in this matter, for, being so olde a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that prescence and company. So Maister More called this olde aged man unto him, and sayd, 'Father,' sayd he, 'tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great arising of the sande and shelves here about this haven, and which stop it up that no shippes can arrive here?' . . . . 'Forsooth, syr,' quoth he, 'I am an olde man: I thinke that Tenterton steeple is the cause of the Goodwin Sandes. For I am an olde man, syr,' quod he, 'and I may remember the building of Tenterton steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterton steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven; and therefore I thinke that Tenterton

CHURCH AND WOOLPACK HOTEL, TENTERDEN

steeple is the cause of the destroying and decaying of Sandwich haven.'" *Q.E.D.* Curiously enough, the old rhyme makes no mention of the Goodwins at all, running thus:—

"Of many people it hath been sayed
That Tenterden steeple Sandwich haven hath decayed."

Of all the ruinous tempests that have raged over these sands that of the year 1703 was perhaps the most terrible, in the reign of good Queen Anne, when ships by the score were driven on the Goodwins. Amongst others several belonging to the fleet of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, then returning from the Mediterranean, were wrecked off the mouth of the Thames. In the Downs the ships were crowded together and lay absolutely at the mercy of the gale; men-of-war and merchantmen alike bowed before the tempest and were overwhelmed. "It was a miserable sight to behold many of the Ships in the Downs; for as they were almost torn in Pieces by the Violence of the Wind, so was it not possible to give them any help from the Shore, even when they were in the greatest Extremity, and continually firing guns for relief." A pitiable thing, truly, to stand here, helpless, watching these poor souls tossing to destruction.

Yes, Deal has seen its stirring days; peaceful,

almost dreary as it is to-day, saved from absolute mediocrity only by the memories of the past and by the sea before it. It is best to come here in advance of the holiday crowds, and to wander aimlessly about the old, narrow ways and the old quaint houses, huddled together in the old part of the town; and there is the castle built by fat Harry in 1539, and to the north, half a mile or so along the coast, until 1864 stood Sandown Castle, where Colonel Hutchinson dragged out his weary months of imprisonment and died, killed by the place. We walk along the front, past the new stucco boarding-houses, the red hotel, and the stern, dismal castle, to Walmer, where stands the most famous of Henry's forts, connected as it ever must be with the later days of Wellington. It has long been the home of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; here Pitt and Nelson have taken counsel together, and here Wellington died,—Nelson and Wellington, the two men who crushed Napoleon.

Changed indeed are the days since Dickens wrote of Dover, referring to the year 1775: "The little, narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk cliffs, like a marine ostrich. The beach was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the

sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town, and thundered at the cliffs, and brought the coast down, madly. The air among the houses was of so strong a piscatory flavour that one might have supposed sick fish went up to be dipped in it, as sick people went down to be dipped in the sea. A little fishing was done in the port, and a quantity of strolling about by night and looking seaward, particularly at these times when the tide made, and was near flood. Small tradesmen who did no business whatever, sometimes unaccountably realised large fortunes, and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighbourhood could endure a lamplighter;" upon which last matter a light is shed by the fact that when the mayor last exercised his right in 1823 to pass sentence of death, it was upon a smuggler named Spence, who fired upon a coastguardsman. Dover is rather a spick and span place to-day, and, but for the haughty castle that frowns on land and sea, in no way striking in its general aspect. Yet few towns in the world have a more stirring or more interesting history. Once upon a time, maybe, the sea came not here at all, and the mainland of Europe and our island were one. Then, in days only less dark in their dim antiquity, traders came across the narrow waters,

more especially looking for the tin that was brought from the West Countree, also for corn and cattle, for gold and silver, for dogs and for slaves. The first great historic figure we meet with here is Julius Cæsar, who one morning arrived off the coast to find the islanders ready to meet him, arrayed in great numbers along the cliffs, and not liking their promise of warm welcome, he made his way further along the coast.

From no point of vantage does Dover look so strong or so imposing as from the sea; how many a soldier, sailor and traveller, of old and of recent times, has gazed with hungry eyes upon the shining cliffs, the stalwart castle, the low-lying town—the gate of England. Dead indeed must be the soul in which there is no stir when the thought arises of all the pageantry of history which this little town has seen. There stands the Castle on the green upland, there where was once a British stronghold, and where the Romans set up a beacon, still standing, a record of the splendour of their workmanship, whose dim light could be seen of a fine night at Boulogne, across the narrow waters—a sturdy relic, with its massy walls, strong as rock, which once bore the title "the Tower of July Cæsar." Cheek by jowl, the venerable Church of Saint Mary-

DOVER CASTLE FROM CASTLE HILL

in-the Castle, erected upon Roman foundations, battered out of all knowledge, not so much by time as by the neglectful hand of man; restored beyond all knowledge; perhaps the most ancient place of Christian worship in our land. Then the Castle itself, with its stupendous keep and its great record: a Roman fortress; then almost lost to history during Saxon days; then came the Normans, destroyers and builders both. Let us glance at a few of the greater chapters of its history. In the reign of King John, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, was Constable of the Castle in 1202 and in 1216, in which latter year he strengthened the fortress as best he was able, chiefly at the expense of the castles of Oxford and Norwich. There he withstood the siege of the Dauphin Louis, whose aid had been called in by the rebel barons; not all their machines and towers and men availed against his stubborn defence; even after the king's death he held out stoutly, saying, "Never as long as I draw breath will I resign to French aliens this castle, which is the very key and gate of England."

Warwick, the King-maker, great captain by land and sea, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Captain of Calais, Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine, and Constable of Dover Castle, appointed in 1461,

"a grant for life to the king's kinsman, Richard, Earl of Warwick, of the office of Constable of the King's Castle of Dover, and all rents and services called Castlewarde, and herbage and advowsons pertaining to the same, and the Wardenship of the V. Ports, and all forfeitures, shares, wrecks of the sea, and other profits; and also £300 yearly for the sustenance of himself and priests, servants, watchmen and other officers there,"—a grandiose figure.

Harry VIII. we have met already on our travels round the coast; wherever he went he played no mean part, as far as noise and bluffness at any rate; here he added to the defences, building Archliffe Fort, which we are told was fitted out with demi-culverins, sakers of brass, fowlers of iron, single serpentines, halbensters and basses. In fact, the Tudors were on the whole good friends to Dover Castle, not the least among them Henry's daughter Elizabeth, whose "pocket-pistol," a cannon 23 feet long, stands here, bearing the poem:—

> "O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
> 'Breaker,' my name, of mound and wall,"

and of which rhyme tells us,

> "Load me well and keep me clean,
> And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green."

A pathetic personality is that of Algernon Sidney, who was appointed Governor of Dover by the Parliament in 1648. The castle had been wrested from the Royalists in 1642 "by ten or twelve resolute men, who, headed by Drake, a zealous and enterprising republican, with the assistance of scaling ladders, reached the summit of the cliff where it was deemed inaccessible, and was therefore the less carefully guarded, and having cut down the sentinel, threw open the gates, and the garrison, in the suddenness of their alarm, supposing themselves attacked by a great force, were so panic-stricken that they immediately surrendered to these desperate adventurers." Sidney does not appear to have found the berth altogether to his taste, and was more than once suspected of lukewarmness, resigning or being removed in 1653.

Lastly, we may note the Duke of Wellington.

Scarce less interesting is the town itself, where we meet Hubert de Burgh again, the founder of the Maison Dieu, a hostelry for poor soldiers, pilgrims, and other travellers; with Anne of Bohemia, the luckless Queen of Richard II.; with Henry VIII., setting forth in the "Harry Grace de Dieu" for the Field of the Cloth of Gold; with Henrietta Maria, as bride and as fugitive

queen; with Charles II., landing on his return in triumph,—a long roll of pageants, some proud, some pitiable. But it is as a port, especially as one of the Cinque Ports, that Dover claimed and claims its high position. It is the gate of England in more senses than one; situated on the narrowest portion of the strait dividing our island from France, it was and is a position of great military and naval value, and is the natural landing-place for travellers from the Continent.

On the afternoon of Saturday, July 27th, in the year of glory 1588, the Invincible Spanish Armada, after a week of bitter harassment, dropped anchor in the Calais roadstead, and great excitement reigned in Dover town, from the heights of which the enemy's fleet must have been visible; one hundred and thirty ships of Spain, for the most part huge of size and heavy of armament, "the ocean groaning under their weight"; one hundred and fifty vessels of England, small, strong, swift. It was deemed essential to deal the foe a heavy blow before they could proceed farther, and "considering their hugeness," opined Sir William Winter, "it will not be possible to remove them but by a device." In the dark of the night of Sunday, the 28th, six fire-ships were set free to drift down upon

the vast but unwieldy and timid armament; the Spaniards, remembering Antwerp and the "floating volcanoes" of Giambelli, panic-stricken, raised the cry, "The fire-ships of Antwerp!" The Armada fell into a lamentable confusion; cables were cut, some of the ships suffered by collision, others were destroyed by fire, and the remainder were driven northward by the elements, hotly pursued by the English. So an end of the Spaniards as far as Dover was concerned.

The harbour has since the earliest days been a source of trouble and anxiety, chiefly owing to the bar of shingle which tide and wind unkindly piled up at the entrance thereof, and only by the utmost exertion of man's invention has the enmity of nature been withstood. Pier after pier, device after device has been contrived, injured, destroyed, but the importance of the harbour was so great that the energy of its defenders was never wholly overcome. In 1847 was commenced the great Harbour of Refuge,—how fitting the name is we realise as we stand upon the shore and look out of a stormy night upon the turmoil of waters,—and in our own day the port has been so greatly extended that it is now a place of call for Atlantic liners; two mighty arms stretch out, converging toward the breakwater which has been built facing the shore.

Dover may justly be accounted the greatest of the Cinque Ports, of which famous institution we may fairly take some note, for of the original five, four lay in the county of Kent, namely Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, and Romney, all fallen from their high estate save Dover. Under the Roman rule, the Count of the Saxon Shore held in charge the defences of the coast between Yarmouth and Portsmouth, and presumably the institution of the Cinque Ports was a direct descendant of that arrangement, only within a more limited sphere of action, geographically speaking. The ports above named shared their privileges and their duties with various "limbs" or "members," Sandwich adopting as children Deal, Stonar, Ramsgate, Sarre, Reculver, Fordwich, and Walmer; Dover—Faversham, Margate, Folkestone, St Peter's, Birchington, Woodchurch, St John's, Kingsdown, and Ringwould; Hythe—West Hythe, and Romney—Old Romney, Lydd, Dungeness, Promehill, Orwaldstone; and various others of less degree chiefly. We cannot do more here than roughly state the position held by the Cinque Ports and their dependencies. For many a long year they provided the ships which defended our coasts or attacked those of our enemies; they were the principal controllers of the herring-fishery,

OLD HOUSES IN WEST STREET, FAVERSHAM

Ye Olde England Coffee Tavern

and long is the tale of their broils with Yarmouth; in fact, they commanded the narrow seas, power over which controls England; they fought fiercely, and for the most part successfully; gradually—owing chiefly to the war waged against them by nature, which has closed up their harbours and driven some of them clean away from the sea—gradually they fell into a decay; to-day they live in the memories of the past and upon the relics of their privileges, for adequate reward was granted them for their services. The towns were self-governed; the "barons," as all their freemen were entitled, were admitted as free traders to all other towns; they could only be tried by their "peers"; they could not be summoned for military service, —such were some of their privileges. The Court of Brotherhood, by which the business and affairs of the Ports were controlled, was originally held at Shepway, hard by Hythe, later on at Romney; the Ports were represented in Parliament, and sixteen barons were nominated to carry the canopy over the king at the coronation. These sixteen sometimes had considerable trouble to maintain their rights, and met with adventures, one of which, at the coronation of Charles II. in 1661, is mentioned by Pepys, when "the king's footmen had got hold

of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle carried it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand, till to-morrow it be decided." Indeed, the scrimmage seems to have been extremely disorderly, one result being that the barons found the table reserved for them at the banquet at the king's right hand occupied by others. At the coronation of George IV. the barons again met with trouble. The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in old days a powerful personage, is now sworn in at a court held upon Bredenstone Hill, overlooking Dover town, and many have been the distinguished holders of the position: confining ourselves to modern days, we may recall William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville, Mr W. H. Smith, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Curzon of Kedleston, so that, in addition to the romance of history, there hangs around these ports, more especially around Dover and Walmer, the romance of personality. We have journeyed along this memorable coast, calling up the great days of old and the great men, but through all runs the famous work of the Cinque Ports and their vigorous sons.

We must not leave Dover—of whose history we have obtained but a scant glimpse—without reference to the "horrible steep" cliff, now named Shakespeare's, where—so we are told with poetic licence—

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
> Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
> Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high."

A picture which Wordsworth seemingly could not appreciate.

Let us journey along the cliffs until we come to a mixture of stair and zigzag path which leads us down to a pleasant bit of land between the cliffs and the sea, a land of miniature hills and valleys and woods, where the trains rush through a deep cutting, shooting up clouds of black smoke or white steam, where in every corner picnic parties are to be found of a fine day, but of a summer morn a resting-place of excellent quality for the contemplative. But perhaps it will be better to make our way a

little further on, to where the grey Martello tower stands at guard upon Copt Point. Curious fortresses these towers, built to defend our shores from hostile landings, but never called upon to fulfil their fate; all alike as two peas; raised in long line from here to Seaford in Sussex, and now mere objects of curiosity, or spick and span dwellings for coast-guardsmen. From this point we look down upon the old town of Folkestone, the interesting part of this popular resort, for who can find place in his heart for the characterless range of hotels, boarding and lodging houses, which go to make up the modern watering-place? But nearer at hand we see the harbour, the fish-market, a jumble of small streets and rickety-looking houses, and the ancient church perched upon the corner of the cliff, and it is in this neighbourhood that the lover of adventure will find much food to satisfy his appetite. From a picture of Folkestone in 1832, we may gather how greatly changed is the town of to-day from that of yesterday; there we see a poor little pier, a dozen or so of small boats drawn up on the shore, a row of wooden houses between the low cliff and the water's edge, and in the background Bayle cliff, the church, and a group of houses. Descending from our vantage-point, we find there the shore of the

ABBOT'S CLIFF ABOVE THE WARREN, FOLKESTONE HILL

harbour very different to what it is now; no fish-market, but an open space known as the Stade, and the houses along it are a quaint muddle of overhanging stories, unexpected gables, and general untidiness. These same houses were even more curious than they seemed to be; there were holes in chimneys, holes under the floor and over the ceilings, cupboards with false backs, and many a snug place of concealment, or "tub-holes," for the hiding away of "uncustomed goods," brought in by gallant smugglers or "free" traders. In this game of hide-and-seek the ladies played no small part, and many an excise officer rued the day when he set his wits, ay, and even his strength, against a woman's. One of the earliest smuggling incidents is the charging before the mayor of Giles Rigden and John Chapman for endeavouring to *ex*port English wool to France; and indeed it must not be forgotten that in later days the hardy smuggler was an exporter as well as an importer, notably of guineas, which during the Napoleonic wars fetched a huge premium on the Continent, and were carried over by the boatload. Many are the exciting tales told of the doings of these gentry, and we will retell one[1]

[1] For this story and many others see English's *Reminiscences of Old Folkestone Smugglers.*

which is fairly typical, although the upshot was rather unusual.

It is the hour before the dawn on the 13th of January in the year 1823; the wind is light, and just abreast Dieppe a smart lugger, half-rigged, is slowly making way. She is manned by twenty-six men; her cargo—worth some ten or eleven thousand pounds—consisted of leaf tobacco and a little brandy; her destination actually Ireland, ostensibly Ferrol, according to her papers, which were Dutch. But the lugger was not alone, for suddenly out of the dimness appeared other vessels, at first taken for French fishing-boats; but one of the cutters hoisted her flag, fired a gun, and was recognised as an English revenue boat. The smugglers were no cowards, and determined not to be captured without a fight for freedom; under ordinary circumstances they could have shown a clean pair of heels, but with their new mainmast and their incomplete rigging were at a disadvantage. The fight was hot; of the crew, four were killed and six wounded, while loss was also suffered by the government boat—the "Badger," commanded by Lieutenant Henry Nazer, whose story, told before the Court in the Old Bailey on April 25th, we will quote:—"He was stationed off Dunge-

ness on the coast of Kent to prevent smuggling. About half-past seven in the morning, in consequence of something said by the man on watch, he observed a suspicious sail, yawl-rigged. She appeared to be from a foreign port, and was on the leeward tack. The 'Badger' was about eight or nine leagues from the coast of France. On observing the strange sail he immediately made sail after her. She tacked, and seeing her on her beam, he tacked also, and came near her about nine o'clock in the morning, hoisting the revenue pennant at the masthead. A shotted gun was then fired, and in about ten minutes a second, which was returned by the chase from one of her stern guns. She had no colours flying up to this time. She continued firing, and it was kept up by both sides until nearly half-past eleven, when he ran her on board on the starboard quarter. The action was continued for about ten minutes, when quarter was called for in English by the greater part of the crew." But the revenue cutter had a narrow escape, for the smuggler's biggest gun was close against her bows, but obstinately refused to go off, which had it done, the cutter would have suffered severely, even if it had not been put out of action. The lugger was carried into Dover, where in the churchyard the

killed were buried; three more of the smugglers died on board the "Severn," where for some days they were kept in irons, the survivors being taken to London, where they were shut up in the King's Bench Prison. We will permit one of the smugglers to finish the adventure for us.[1] "The Court was packed so full that there wasn't room to move. The dock wouldn't near hold us, so some had seats along the front outside, and we took turns at sitting. They didn't try us for murder, as it was expected they would, all our friends being afraid we should be hung. But they tried us for firing at a king's ship. We had two of the best men in England to defend us, Mr Brougham and Mr Lushington, and one solicitor told us beforehand they were sure of winning. Of course there was lying on both sides; there was a great number of witnesses, and the trial lasted two whole days. At six o'clock on Saturday evening we were discharged, the jury having decided that most of the crew were Dutchmen. If we hadn't been turned into Dutchmen we should all have been hung, but they couldn't hang one and not the others. There was tremendous cheering and excitement when we got into the street. The first thing to be done was to get the

[1] Work already cited.

news home to Folkestone. Accordingly a mounted messenger was engaged, and riding hard all the way, he reached here about one o'clock in the morning. Next day we all started for Folkestone, some by the Dover and others by the Folkestone coach. People knew what time to expect us, and when we got to Sandgate it seemed as though all Folkestone turned out to meet us. The church bells were rung, I have heard, but cannot say whether it was so, our heads being completely turned at our reception."

So the preventive men came off badly, as not seldom was the case, most men's hands or at any rate their feelings being "agin the government" in this matter of cheating the revenue. It is difficult to realise to-day the then condition of the country; there was fierce fighting and many horrible deeds done on both sides; many a fortune made illicitly by seemingly honest and respectable citizens. To-day the trade has lost its glamour and excitement, partly by reason of the lighter dues and partly because of the greater precautions taken, which are much assisted by the telegraph, by the use of steam and other modern inventions which conduce to comfort and sobriety of conduct, if not to picturesqueness. There are curious corners in Folkestone still, and many curious memories.

THE SOUTH-EAST

Over the South-East portion of Kent hangs the glamour of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, those rattling tales in verse and prose which are now rather a famous name than a great power in the land of literature.

Let us take for our starting-point Hythe, see somewhat of Romney Marsh, and for introduction to this fascinating land let us borrow from the pages of the afore-mentioned Ingoldsby. "The world," it is stated in Mrs Botherby's story of the "Leech of Folkestone," "according to the best geographers, is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Romney Marsh. In this last-named and fifth quarter of the globe a witch may still be occasionally discovered in favourable, *i.e.* stormy, seasons, weathering Dungeness Point in an eggshell, or careering on her broomstick over Dymchurch wall. A cow may yet be sometimes

GODDINGTON PARK, ASHFORD

seen galloping like mad, with tail erect and an old pair of breeches on her horns, an unerring guide to the door of the crone whose magic arts have drained her udder. I do not, however, remember to have heard that any conjurer has of late been detected in the district."

But the witchery of Romney Marsh does not beguile us suddenly; it is a case where familiarity breeds not contempt but affection. Our first view of it may well be taken from the open ground before Hythe railway station. If it be a hot, still, sunny day, the prospect is one that does not allure, holding forth promise of long dusty roads and shadowless marshland. Hythe lies at our feet, clustering under the shelter of the high ground, which then reaches away to the right; on our left the sea, a soft hazy plain of blue and green fading away into the mists of the horizon, and straight ahead the marsh, guarded from the ocean by long protecting walls along a shore studded with martello towers.

To parody an old saying, Hythe has its attractions for those who like this sort of place; sun baths and sea baths can be had here, and expeditions may be made by motor-cars, breaks, and vans. It is not the Hythe of to-day, but of yesterday and the day before yesterday that has charm; little of

the past, however, remains visible to the physical eye. There is the fine church, dedicated to Saint Leonard, advantageously situated upon the side of the hill, overlooking the town like a spiritual guardian. The handiwork of the restorer is unfortunately only too much in evidence. But for the curious, the chief attraction is to be found in a vault under the chancel, where are stacked up skulls and other bony remains of some seven thousand persons, of unknown age, nation, and degree, luckily unknown for the antiquaries, so providing them with ample supply of bones to pick with one another. The sight is somewhat unsavoury; it would be more dignified and seemly if these unfortunate relics were quietly interred, and no longer kept above ground as a raree-show. At any rate, such an exhibition attached to a place of Christian worship does not seem "quite the thing."

Hythe was, of course, one of the Cinque Ports, and, as such, a place of antiquity, and in its day—now long gone—a port of repute. But the sea, as at so many places along this coast, has withdrawn its favours, and has built up a wall of shingle, which is a defence alike against destruction and commercial prosperity.

Of Hythe's less distant past, description may be

TONBRIDGE CASTLE

culled from the old guide-book which has already helped to entertain us. About a hundred years ago the place was thus pictured:—"Hythe has long been the resort of invalids, for the purpose of bathing; and a considerable number of convenient lodging-houses have been recently built for the accommodation of visitors. They are, in general, upon a small scale; but in the season, the company, if not so numerous here as at some of the watering-places upon this coast, is as genteel and more select, and of late years much improved by the families of many military officers of rank, permanently or occasionally stationed in the vicinity; so that there are regular assemblies, card-clubs, and musical parties, as well as the usual routine of amusements incident to such a situation. There is also a neat theatre, but opened only every alternate year."

Would any inhabitant now recognise the description?

Next to the skulls, the Royal Military Canal is the principal lion of Hythe, and certainly comes in an easy first as regards beauty and savouriness. Again we cannot do better than quote Mrs Botherby, who holds forth as follows:—"When the late Mr Pitt was determined to keep out Buonaparte, and prevent his gaining a settlement in the county of

Kent, among other ingenious devices adopted for that purpose he caused to be constructed what was then and has ever since been conventionally termed a 'Military Canal.' This is not a very practicable ditch, some thirty feet wide, and nearly nine feet deep in the middle, extending from the town and port of Hithe to within a mile of the town and port of Rye, a distance of about twenty miles; and forming, as it were, the cord of a bow, the arc of which constitutes that remote fifth quarter of the globe spoken of by travellers. Trivial objections to this plan were made at the time by cavillers; and an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who proposed, as a cheap substitute, to put down his own cocked hat upon a pole, was deservedly pooh-pooh'd down; in fact, the job, though rather an expensive one, was found to answer remarkably well. The French managed, indeed, to scramble over the Rhine and other insignificant currents; but they never did or could pass Mr Pitt's 'Military Canal.'"

How base, indeed, are the uses of adversity; this bulwark—if a ditch may be so termed—of old England has been utilized for horrid commercial purposes, pacquet boats have moved upon its placid waters, and to-day profane tourists use it for

BIDDENDEN

pleasure, as though it were some mere Thames or Medway. Though no longer useful, it has compensation, in that it possesses no mean share of beauty, particularly in the neighbourhood of Hythe.

From Hythe, visits may conveniently be paid to Saltwood Castle, of ancient and interesting memory, with its splendid gate-house; to Lymne, in which parish, at Shepway Cross, the Lord Wardens of the Cinque Ports were in older days "sworn in," and where still stand the relics of the Roman fortress which looks out frowningly over Romney Marsh, now called Studfall, which we are told signifies "a fallen place." Landslips and the destructive hands of men have seriously injured the *castrum*, but there are remains of later date in better preservation, including a massy tower.

But our principal concern now lies elsewhere; there be castles, churches, and crosses elsewhere, but there is only one Romney Marsh. Sea and marsh can be surveyed by the pedestrian who journeys from Hythe to New Romney along the top of the sea-wall, while from the roadway on its land side only the marsh is visible; yet for those who would breathe the spirit of this fifth quarter of the world, the road is the best course to pursue. On the left the sturdy Dymchurch Wall, with its

sluices and gates; the martello towers, unpicturesque and shabby; and not far out of Hythe the circular redoubt, "which," says our old guide-book, in a quaint account, "is built at the eastern extremity of Dymchurch Wall, in a range with the martello towers. The spot was formerly occupied by a building called Brookman's barn, by which appellation it is still better known by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood than by its proper military name; and for want of knowing that circumstance, travellers have sometimes been not only inconveniently misled by the answers which they have received to their inquiries respecting the road, but have lost an opportunity of inspecting one of the most interesting of all the ingenious works constructed for the defence of the coast.

"On the land side, its exterior promises nothing extraordinary, the embrasures and cannon mounted upon its ramparts being objects with which all who pass through this part of the country must be familiarly acquainted; nor will the wet ditch or balance bridge be regarded as unusual appendages of a battery situated on a level with the sea, and close to the beach. But upon entering the gates, the perfect neatness and regularity of the building, its singularity, simplicity, and ingenuity of arrange-

ROMNEY

ment, can scarcely fail to engage attention and excite applause.

"A broad terrace of exquisitely fine smooth sand surrounds an area of at least an hundred and fifty feet in diameter, guarded by an elegant iron balustrade on the one side, and sheltered on the other by a strong parapet or breastwork with embrasures, in which are mounted upon traversing carriages a range of long twenty-four pounders, capable of being elevated to any angle, and disposed in such a manner that, whilst the fort itself is not only inaccessible, but absolutely unseen from the water, they may be brought to bear in every direction, and of effectually resisting any attempt to land upon this part of the coast. A double flight of stone steps descends into the area, which, as was before observed, is circular, and affords an idea of the *gymnasium* and *arena* of the ancients; and around it, under the terrace walks before mentioned, are casemate barracks, secured by immense columns and arches of brickwork, bomb proof but cheerfully lighted by sashes opening around the area, and the smoke issuing from the chimneys made to escape through small openings into the surrounding fosse. In a word, nothing can be more regular in its contrivance, or neater and more trim

in appearance, than the Circular Redoubt near Dymchurch."

So on along the white dusty road, toward the clump of trees that shelters Dymchurch. The tiny church, as it were, hides away beside the road, under its canopy of green, as though shy of this new, noisy world of motor-cars, which rush hideously along the road, raising very storms of dust. Close to the sea-wall were unearthed in 1844 the remains of Roman pottery, also coins and traces of interments, which may be taken as conclusive proof that Romney Marsh existed as firm land before the Romans left these isles.

Again, on along the dusty white road toward the clump of trees that marks New Romney, once a busy port, but now far distant from the faithless sea. Here, after their removal from Shepway Cross, were held the general Courts of the Cinque Ports, and in the Guildhall are preserved the splendid records which the late Mr H. T. Riley examined to such good purpose; principal in interest among them the two volumes of the Cinque Port Register and the thirty-seven "Relations" of the Yarmouth Bailiffs.

Can this ever have been a busy seaport? Is all the stirring history we read of this place indeed

truth? As we walk the High Street a glance down almost any of the side streets opens up a view of the flat marshland, cattle and sheep grazing there almost in the town; "a dog dozing in the middle of the broad, empty streets, a piano being somewhere injuriously practised upon, the sound of a laugh in the parlour of an old inn—these sights and sounds comprise the life and movement of New Romney on a mid-day of this midsummer in the early twentieth century."[1]

And if that inn be the New Inn, let this pen record that within its hospitable walls will be found old-fashioned courtesy and old-fashioned comfort.

The evening is drawing in; let us retrace our footsteps toward Dymchurch, say half-way thither, and sitting by the roadside we will watch the sun setting, a noble ball of red, behind the uplands at the other side the marsh. Behind us the rush and retreat of the unseen waves; before, the marshland, broken here and there by a church tower or a group of trees. As we sit there the spell of the country grows upon us. It has a witchcraft of its own, the witchery of its peculiar, quiet beauty. Perhaps though, the magic lies chiefly in the sense of loneliness, of silence, of ancient days

[1] *The Ingoldsby Country,* by Charles G. Harper.

long dead, of influences which scarce belong to this world. The sun sets and the summer twilight fades slowly; the full moon pours down its mystical light, the sense of loneliness grows almost unbearable, the moaning of the sea sounds like to a lament. It is almost unbearable; so, with a shiver, we rise—even on midsummer nights there is a chill in the air here—we rise, and go home to our inn, where "warmest welcome" greets us.

The fine Church of Saint Nicholas is well worthy a careful visit.

The "painful" tourist will visit many other quaint spots in the marsh. Warehorne, to the curacy of which Barham was appointed in 1817, and Snargate, of which he was at the same time rector; Old Romney, with the Church of Saint Clement on its tiny elevation; Lydd, with the splendid All Saints, which town has of recent years acquired fame, as from it was derived the name of that terrible agent of destruction "lyddite"; Brookland, with its curious timber bell-tower; Ivychurch, whose tower is a useful landmark; Fairford; Newchurch. But the wise man, unless he has much time at his disposal, will trouble himself less about the works of man than about the works of nature; he will stroll in and about New Romney

APPLEDORE, ROMNEY MARSH

GEERING'S FORGE, ROLVENDEN

and Dymchurch, viewing the marshlands in all lights, and, if lucky, in foul weather as well as fair; and he will learn to love Romney Marsh.

When did the sea retreat from the distant hills, leaving this land more or less dry? Even conjecture holds her dangerous tongue. And what does it really matter? Those who would read the story of this curious coast had better turn to Mr Harper's work already cited, or to the late Professor Burrows' admirable *Cinque Ports*. The vagabondish wayfarer will linger here and dream dreams; as for the alert, Romney Marsh is not for him—let him stay away.

A line of rail runs across the marshland from New Romney by Lydd and Brookland to Appledore, whose country-sounding name has probably nothing to say to apples. Here we meet again our friend the Military Canal, and should stay to visit the beautiful church.

From Appledore it is but five miles to Tenterden, with its open green and its church, concerning the building of the tower of which edifice the strange tale is told that it was the cause of the coming into existence of the accursed Goodwin Sands.[1]

So we bid farewell to the coast of Kent.

[1] See p. 143.

ROCHESTER AND ROUND ABOUT

The history of Rochester may be said to begin in myth and to end in fiction. At what date man first set up his habitations here upon the Medway no one knows, and if not to the citizens, at any rate to the vast majority of visitors, the story of the city ends with *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* Dickens has recorded for us how, when he revisited as a man the scenes which to him as a child had been so impressive, he found that what had appeared great then seemed little. To those who have only read of this interesting city the first impression is apt to be disappointing. But this feeling soon gives place to keen interest and delight, and—at any rate in the case of the present writer—the more one learns of Rochester the more one loves its ancient days and past glories, as distinguished from the atmosphere of Romance shed around it by the

pen of the author of *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*. In some cities fiction has submerged the interest of fact, but here in Rochester this is not the case.

The Romans naturally, inevitably, selected this triangular promontory, washed on two sides by the river, as the site for one of their great fortified camps; it was on the high road to London and the North from the ports of the south coast, the present High Street being partially the ancient Watling Street, and the present castle occupying part of the site of the Castrum, as is proved by remnants still visible of Roman walls, solid as rock. Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans—all have played their parts upon this plateau bounded by the river, the High Street, the Cathedral precincts, and Boley Hill.

Perhaps the most impressive approach to Rochester is by Strood High Street, and so on to the bridge. On the left, as we near Rochester, is the abominably ugly railway bridge; and indeed, from the picturesque point of view, the bridge on which we cross is a poor substitute for that on which Mr Pickwick stood meditating so many years ago. Looking up the stream, we see gracious, green hills, and hideous, belching factory chimneys to

right and left, but looking straight ahead the view is charming; there is the opening of the High Street, the gilded ship upon the vane of the Guildhall shining bright; on one hand a quaint hostelry, the Three Postboys—were they the three *jolly* postboys of immortal song?—and almost opposite, the Crown Inn. Then the river wall and the Esplanade, partly formed of materials taken from the older bridge, destroyed in 1856, which stood a little higher up stream, the present occupying the site of the old Roman structure, of which some of the piles can be seen in a corner of the castle; then the ruined walls of the Castle, above them the rebuilt tower and steeple of the Cathedral, and the massive grey keep of the fortress; it is an epitome of mediævalism—the Guildhall, the Church, the Castle. Leaving the bridge, we turn along the Esplanade, whence we gain a fair view of Strood and the hills and windmills beyond, and of the river, with its brown-sailed barges and snorting, sooty little steamers; up through a modern Norman gateway into the Castle gardens, which, with the buildings therein, are the property of the city and corporation. The trim walks, the close-cropt grass, the laughter of the children, the cooing of the numerous pigeons, the sights and sounds of peace

ROCHESTER CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL FROM ACROSS THE MEDWAY

must be banished if we are to realise what this stern house of war was like in olden days, when all these broken walls were whole, when the giant keep frowned unbroken, when mail-clad men strode through this sunny courtyard. Who first built a fortress here we need not discuss, but content ourselves with a brief view of what we see before us, visiting first the empty shell of the keep. We enter by a hole broken rudely through the massive wall, crossing by a wooden bridge a dungeon which in the past was even more dismal than now it is, then up a rugged flight of stone steps into the storeroom. During the admirable reparations carried out by Mr George Payne, to whom Rochester owes so much, it was discovered that the level on which we now stand is of modern date, a floor of rubbish, many feet below which was the old stone floor. We are in the storerooms of the building, which were the handiwork of Archbishop William de Corbeuil of Canterbury in the year 1126; we gaze upward to the battlements, over a hundred feet above the ground, the heavy wooden floors having been removed by one Walker Weldon, who loved pelf better than archæology. Indeed, the latter history of the Castle has been sad; it was granted in 1610 by James the First to Sir

Anthony Weldon of Swanscombe, whose descendant, the above-named Walker, would have destroyed the whole, had not the sturdy building resisted the vandal hands of the wicked. Looking upward, we note the angle which was too successfully undermined by King John, and which was rebuilt by Henry III., who retained the fashion of round arches, the fireplaces with their primitive chimneys, the partition wall which divided the interior into two portions, and up which ran, from floor to floor, the shaft of the well, which is supplied from the tidal waters of the river. We clamber upstairs to the state dungeon, to the old entrance guarded by drawbridge, heavy gate, and portcullis, to the common hall and the kitchen—mistakenly described as the chapel,—up to the State Chamber, where we note on the strong columns the marks of the stone screen which aforetime divided this floor in two portions, up to the passage which runs round the keep in the thickness of the wall, looking in and down upon the sombre building, and out and around upon the river, the city, the cathedral, and the country beyond, and so up to the battlements. However bright be the sun, within these heavy walls all is dour and grey; we can conjure up pictures of the picturesque past, the good old

days which were in so many things evil; we read in romantic fiction of gallant knights and lovely dames, of feasts and of tournaments, of splendours and of glories; but these stones tell another side of the story, of hideous dungeons and of the domestic discomforts that attended even on kings and queens; it is scarce an exaggeration to say that the pauper of to-day is more comfortably and wholesomely housed than the prince of the dark ages.

Let us out again into the fresh air. Turning toward the river we walk along the wall built by Gundulph, at the end of which we may note three different styles of handiwork—the outer edge, Roman, hard as any rock; then Gundulph's work, beside and above it; then again Henry Third's, the last two comparing badly in strength with the first; then the water towers under which we entered; so on, round the courtyard, to the fourteenth century towers, one of which is now used as the keeper's lodge, to the Drum tower, nestling beneath the shadow of the keep, and so to the modern postern, through which we go out, over the filled-in moat, by Baker's Walks, and pause before Satis House, or rather that small portion of the eastern wing which still remains. Here is Boley Hill, once possibly a

fort of the Danes, and the derivation of whose name affords sport for antiquaries. The Satis House of Dickens was possibly Restoration House, which we shall visit anon, but the building before which we now stand was once the home of Richard Watts, who here, in 1573, entertained Queen Elizabeth, that expensive guest. That this was his home was clearly proved by the discovery of his arms tricked upon a panel covered by modern plasterwork.

We have visited the castle, the abode of armed men; let us now pass on to the Cathedral, where, since the foundation by Saint Augustine thirteen hundred years ago, the voices of priests have sung, Justus being the first bishop, for whom King Ethelbert built a cathedral. The first impression of the present building is disappointing; in fact, it is the details rather than the whole of the church which are beautiful and interesting. Cottingham rebuilt the central tower, replacing the spire of 1740 with an upper part, fulfilling Ruskin's description of a dining-room table upside down; his work was undone by Mr Pearson, whose design was based upon old views of the ancient spire; but good as the work is, it is not impressive, and the clock dials give it a finicking appearance. The Norman west doorway is quite delightful, well repaying pro-

EYNSFORD BRIDGE, ON THE DARENT

longed study, but the modern figures on either side in the two great niches are painful examples of well-intended but misguided zeal. The carvings on the receding niches and on the shaft capitals are rich and effective, as also is that on the tympanum, of Our Lord seated in Glory; Freeman scarcely exaggerated when he spoke of "the superb western portal . . . . by far the finest example of this kind." Descending a few steps, we find ourselves in the nave, also, for the most part, a beautiful specimen of Norman work, ruined by the Perpendicular window over the west door. Then suddenly we pass, in the two easternmost bays, to Early Decorated work, and so we may go round the church, reading its history writ in its stones. The choir is unusual in its construction, shut in, as it is, by the lofty side walls, and heavy rather than solemn in its effect. A curious painting here on the north wall represents the wheel of fortune, with Fortune herself as a queen in yellow robes. There are many interesting monuments, including that of Bishop Walter de Merton, founder of the college at Oxford that bears his name. When in 1598 this tomb was opened, the bishop's body was found clad in his robes, his pastoral staff and chalice by his side, the latter being carried off to the college; the present

alabaster effigy, hopelessly anachronistic, was then set up. Then there is the reputed tomb of Saint William of Perth, an involuntary benefactor to the church and city. By birth a Scot, by trade a baker, by nature charitable, on his way to the Holy Land on a pilgrimage, he passed through Rochester, soon after leaving which place his servant "spoiled him both of his money and life." This event took place in 1201; he was buried in the choir, numerous miracles were "moulded" at his tomb, and in consequence he was canonised in 1266. Then there is the battered statue said to represent that great builder Gundulph, the tomb of Bishop John de Sheppey with its over-restored canopy, and others. Then the crypt, very fine and solemn, with some admirable Early Norman and some simple Early English. In the south choir transept Charles Dickens was to have been laid to rest, the grave was ready prepared, but by the Queen's desire he sleeps in Westminster. It is here in the cathedral, here where history has been made, that we first come under the spell of Dickens, here first fiction masters fact. None of those who lie buried here haunt the dim church with such persistent presence as do the children of the story-teller's imagination; we are in Cloisterham. Here came Mr

Grewgious on a sunny afternoon: "Old Time heaved a sigh from tomb and arch and vault; and gloomy, mouldy shadows began to deepen in corners; and damps began to rise from green patches of stone; and jewels, cast upon the pavement of the nave from stained glass by the declining sun, began to perish. Within the grill-gate of the chancel, up the steps surmounted loomingly by the fast-darkening organ, white robes could be dimly seen, and one feeble voice, rising and falling in a cracked monotonous mutter, could at intervals be faintly heard. In the free outer air, the river, the green pastures, and the brown arable lands, the teeming hills and dales, were reddened by the sunset, while the distant little windows in windmills and farm homesteads shone, patches of bright beaten gold. In the cathedral all became gray, murky, sepulchral, and the cracked monotonous mutter went on like a dying voice, until the organ and the choir burst forth, and drowned it in a sea of music. Then the sea fell, and the dying voice made another feeble effort, and then the sea rose high, and beat its life out, and lashed the roof, and surged among the arches, and pierced the heights of the great tower; and then the sea was dry, and all was still." Or at night-time we can accompany Durdles and Jasper,

descending the rugged steps into the crypt; "the lantern is not wanted, for the moonlight strikes in at the groined windows, bare of glass, the broken frames for which cast patterns on the ground. The heavy pillars which support the roof engender masses of black shade, but between them are lanes of light. Up and down these lanes they walk, Durdles discoursing of the 'old uns' he yet counts on disinterring, and slapping a wall, in which he considers 'a whole family on 'en' to be stoned and earthed up, just as if he were a familiar friend of the family." And as we pass out of the precincts —much has been altered here since those days— we may note "Mr Jasper's own gatehouse." "The murmur of the tide is heard beyond; but no wave passes the arch way, over which his lamp burns red behind his curtain, as if the building were a light-house." How true it all is to-day as yesterday: beyond the gateway the bright stream of life flows strongly; "within a certain awful hush," gray piles and gray memories and the dead.

If we are lucky we shall meet Mr Crisparkle, Minor Canon, "fair and rosy," "early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like," on his way home to his early tea" in his snug home in Minor Canon Row—or

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Looking towards the Happy Valley from the Rocks on the Common

Corner—" a quiet place in the shadow of the cathedral, which the cawing of the rooks, the echoing footsteps of rare passers, the sound of the cathedral bell, or the roll of the cathedral organ, seemed to render more quiet than absolute silence. Swaggering, fighting men had had their centuries of ramping and raving about Minor Canon Corner, and beaten serfs had had their centuries of drudging and dying there, and powerful monks had had their centuries of being sometimes useful and sometimes harmful there, and behold they were all gone out of Minor Canon Corner, and so much the better. . . . Red-brick walls, harmoniously toned down in colour by time, strong-rooted ivy, latticed windows, panelled rooms, big oaken beams in little places, and stone-walled gardens where annual fruit yet ripened upon monkish trees, were the principal surroundings." So is it still, and long may it be so, for it is a pretty old-world backwater.

We walk along past the Row, to the Monk's Vineyard, and so out into Maidstone Road or Crow Lane, call it by which name we will, to see Restoration House, a creepered, gabled, many-windowed relic of Tudor days, its ground-plan in form of a capital E, as was once that of Satis House. Here, so the story goes,—and even in

these stormy times of iconoclastic antiquaries there is no law against one believing in such tales if we care to put our trust in them,—here Charles the Naughty slept on the night before he passed on to London and the throne restored to him, the house being then the property of Master Francis Clarke, mayor of the town. Why not come here at midnight, when spirits walk in the glimpses of the moon, for we may encounter the shadowy form of a beautiful lady, bearing in her arms a child, and a cord adangling from her snowy neck? So runs another story.

Returning to the bridge, or rather starting again from there, let us make our way along the High Street, stopping for refreshment of the body and mental pabulum at the Bull Inn, with its dull front and pillared entrance—"good house—nice beds"—a veritable specimen of the days of coaching: the coffee-room, with its outlook on the busy street and its clock that came from Gad's Hill; the fine staircase, with its warming-pans and grandfather's clocks; the ball-room, with its glass chandeliers and "elevated den" for the musicians; the rooms where slept Mr Pickwick and party, whose names we feel inclined to look up in the visitors' book—are they not all as set forth in the pages of the

Pickwick Papers? It is a quaint, rambling house, full of unexpected passages, unexpected corners, unexpected steps,—full of expected ghosts. And surely it was here that Pip and Mr Pumblechook, Mr Wopsle and Joe Gargery made merry after the awful ceremony in the Guildhall? Here we may sleep and dream — dreams come easy in old Rochester,—dream of the High Street and Charles Dickens, man and boy, and Pip, and David Copperfield, marching up and down it. "I see myself," says David, "as evening closes in, coming over the bridge at Rochester, footsore and tired. . . . One or two little houses, with the notice 'Lodgings for Travellers' hanging out, had tempted me. . . . I sought no shelter . . . but the sky," and so went on to Chatham. "A drowsy city . . . ," says Dickens, "whose inhabitants seem to suppose, with an inconsistency more strange than rare, that all its changes lie behind it, and that there are no more to come. . . . So silent are the streets . . . that of a summer-day the sun-blinds of its shops scarce dare to flap in the south wind . . . . in a word, a city of another and a byegone time is Rochester." Has anyone ever of recent years hurried along this High Street? A hundred years ago coaches clattered rampantly along it; to-day

motor-cars fret and fume here, but human beings unaided could not hurry.

The Guildhall, dating from 1687, sleeps away its days, as do most of the houses in this somnolent thoroughfare, and in the sunniest hours there is cool shadow under its arcade. If we are fortunate, we may find the mayor and other magistrates sitting there dispensing justice in the shape of fines or orders for detention, and can easily conjure up the scene of Pip being bound apprentice: "The hall was a queer place, I thought, with higher pews in it than a church,[1] and with people hanging over the pews looking on, and with mighty Justices (one with a powdered head) leaning back in chairs, with folded arms, or taking snuff, or going to sleep, or writing, or reading the newspaper; and with some shining black portraits on the walls, which my inartistic eye regarded as a composition of hard-bake and sticking-plaister,"—an apt and still applicable description to these paintings of William III., Queen Anne, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and other worthy and great folk; and an inscription sets forth that "This Hall was beautified at the sole charge of the Hon. C. Shovel, annis 1695 and 1696," he being the parliamentary representative of the city. Re-

[1] The pews are gone.

suming our stroll—we dare not dub it walk—we pass the Corn Exchange with its "moonfaced" clock, the Jasper gateway on the right hand, and on the left a small house from which it is reputed that James II. fled to France, leaving his crown and rejoicing subjects behind him, and then we reach "a clean white house, of a staid and venerable air, with . . . quaint old door . . . choice little, long, low lattice windows, and a roof of three gables. The silent High Street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces." Of the inscriptions on the house front the chief reads thus:—

RICHARD WATTS ESQ.,
by his Will, dated 22 Aug. 1579,
founded this Charity
for Six poor Travellers,
who not being Rogues or Proctors
may receive gratis for one night,
Lodging, Entertainment,
and Fourpence each.

We read more fully in the will that there were to be provided "Six Severall Roomes with chimneys for the comfort placeing and abideing of the Poore within the said Citty, and also to be made apt and convenient places therein for Six good Matrices or

Flock Bedds and other good and sufficient Furniture to harbour or lodge in poore Travellers or Wayfareing Men being no Common Rogues nor Proctors,[1] and they the said Wayfareing Men to harbour and lodge therein noe longer than one Night unlesse Sickness be the farther cause thereof, and these poore Folkes there dwelling shall keepe the House sweet, make the Bedds, see to the Furniture, keepe the same sweete, and courteously intreate the said poore Travellers, and to every of the said poore Travellers att their first comeing in to have fourpence, and they shall warme them at the Fire of the Resident within the said House if need be."

When we knock upon the door, we are answered by a "decent body, of a wholesome matronly appearance,"[2] who inquires, "Do you wish to see the house?" and answering "Yes, if you please," bending our heads, we go down two steps into the entry, and thence through a door on the left into a snug little parlour, looking on the sunny street. It is all dearly quaint and old-fashioned; on the table lies the old visitors' book, in which we can read Charles

[1] A proctor being a collector of alms for lepers or other sick folk, and as often as not a swindler and rogue.

[2] See Dickens' *The Seven Poor Travellers.*

THE OLD ALMSHOUSES, WESTERHAM

Dickens his name, and among other odds and ends of curiosity, two of the pewter platters used here of old times. To this quiet home of rest come the poor travellers, labouring men, masons, carpenters, divers—so the book tells us—and of them, however many there may be, only six can be housed and fed. They are taken down the narrow passage to the covered yard, where stand two mighty coppers, one used for the boiling of the meat. Here they wash their hands and feet, these six weary and footsore travellers, then putting on the slippers held ready for them, they go into the little guest-room, where they partake of cooked meat a half pound, bread a half loaf, and coffee; afterward, in winter time they will draw close to the fire, smoking and talking, and—so to bed. To each man is given a little room; three of them are on the ground floor, three on the floor above, opening on an open gallery of old-world design, all lit from a single lamp in the yard, all with good and sufficient furniture. Then in the morning, refreshed with comfortable sleep and with fourpence in their pocket, they go upon their several ways, thankful, let us hope. It is noteworthy that fourpence to-day will not purchase by a long way so much food and drink as it did in the year of grace 1579.

Passing on along the High Street, we come upon "a venerable brick edifice," where Miss Twinkleton once kept school; it is indeed, as faithfully restored by Mr George Payne, a splendid example of an Elizabethan home, this Eastgate House, or, as Dickens dubbed it, the "Nuns' House"; the brick wall that long hid the garden from those in the street has been pulled down, with advantage, so that now we can gain a fair view of the house front, "so old and worn," with its multitudinous windows, its gables and cool porch. Beautiful as is the exterior, the interior is more delightful; what wainscoting, what great beams, what wide open hearths, what shallow, easy steps to the broad staircase, what a queer winding stairway in another corner, what superfine ceilings, what delightful mantels, what speechless cleanliness and order! We build not such houses nowadays, but we are learning to value those left to us; may their shadows never grow less.

But enough of indoor sights; let us go up Star Hill, making our way then across the grass to the moat of the Hospital, round behind it to the ground where Mr Winkle and Dr Slammer almost took each other's blood, right round the ramparts of the grassy fort, until we reach the Recreation

OTFORD CASTLE AND CHURCH

Ground, and there let us sit down to enjoy the view. The three towns lie mapped before us, Strood, Rochester, Chatham, and the winding river, and all around the green hills of Kent. Peace and war, churches, hospitals, arsenals, barracks, forts, the smoke of thousands of fires, the mists from river and marsh, mellowing the harsh lines of man's handiwork; we can rest here, thinking of what has been, guessing if we will of what shall be.

If we turn our steps toward Chatham station, we shall find ourselves in Ordnance Terrace, little changed from the days when Dickens dwelt there at number 11, when a small and somewhat ailing lad. The Dickens pilgrim may also find his way to other houses and haunts of the "inimitable." And then —and then—let us realise that, much as we have seen, we have not yet begun to know Rochester; sight-seeing must be put aside, we must just aimlessly ramble about, not looking at anything but seeing much, absorbing the atmosphere of the old, old city; thinking of Gundulph the great builder, of King John the great destroyer, of Falstaff and Prince Hal, and the wayfarers at the Crown Inn by the riverside; of Samuel Pepys, who came here to meet with amorous adventures; of Charles II. on his way home; of Hogarth and his comrades, and

their merry pranks; of Doctor Johnson, whose health was benefited by his stay here; and of Mr Pickwick—or Mr Charles Dickens—with whom we can take our stand on Rochester bridge, looking on much the same scene as they did:—"On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places . . . and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of old might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side, the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see . . ." Yet, take it for all in all, there is a sadness in the air here; it is of the dead days and the dead men and women we think in Rochester city, not of the living.

Of all our English counties Kent is, perhaps, the most winning to walkers who love to lounge. There be walkers and walkers, and blessed is he who knows how to lounge as he walketh, caring not whither he goes or how far. If the sky be fair and the way pleasant, what boots it whether a man reaches his

destination or does not? This may be vagabondising, mere tramping; well, none the worse for that. The happy vagabond is a king among walkers.

It is comforting to stand upon Rochester bridge upon a warm June morning, after a truly British breakfast at The Bull, contemplative of the walk and the view before one. At the back, the hideous railway bridge; in front, the muddy Medway, sulkily gleaming in the sun, which peers from behind heavy banks of melting rain-clouds, red-sailed barges lending colour and quiet life to the scene; in the background the hills above Halling and Snodland, guarded by ranks of tall chimneys belching forth clouds of white smoke; on the left hand the frowning Castle and its comrade Cathedral, gloomy in the shadows of the clouds, and on the right, sober and respectable Strood. Then on across the bridge into Strood High Street, where there is nought to detain us save a peep now and again, through side streets, of Frindsbury Church, standing high, lonely and disconsolate, upon a promontory of country in a sea of town.

As we climb the steep ascent of Gad's Hill, it is not so much of Charles Dickens that we think as of a certain set of travellers—a franklin, traders and carriers, who lay one night at an inn at

Rochester, "the most villainous house in all London road for fleas," and for whom certain mad boys lay in wait in the dark of the morning upon this self-same Gad's Hill, with intent to stuff their purses full of crowns that did not belong to them except by the law of might. So on the top of this hill the thieves cried "Stand!" and the travellers quoth "Jesu bless us!" and were undone. And, perchance, did not Master William Shakespeare ride out here, and resting awhile on the hill's crest, picture in his mind's eye the scene he has painted for us and for all who come after us? Indeed, the spot owned for many a long year a terribly bad name: Falstaff was only one of many who picked a purse here, of the most famous being a certain man by name Nicks, who relieved a traveller of his superabundance at four o'clock one morning in the year 1676, and was seen the same night playing bowls at York at eight, probably thus originating the Turpin myth.

The views round about are "extensive and peculiar," the latter by reason of an ugly obelisk that crowns a green hill, erected to the memory of a Rochester auctioneer, one Larkin, to whom his fellow cits believed they owed a debt of gratitude on account of his eloquence.

THE OLD SMITHY, SHOREHAM

There is one house here which the walker may visit, the Sir John Falstaff Inn, and one which he must, by courtesy of its tenant, Gad's Hill Place, where Charles Dickens resided from 1856 until the day of his death in June 1870. The story of his childish ambition to own this very house has too often been quoted to bear repeating here. The house was erected in 1779 by Thomas Stevens, who began life as an hostler, continued it by marrying his employer's widow, and crowned it by becoming mayor of Rochester. After his decease it was bought by the Reverend James Lynn, father of Mrs Lynn Lynton, who, strangely enough, had, like Dickens, set boyish eyes of desire upon it. It was from the daughter named that W. H. Wills heard of the property being on the market; thus the good news reaching Dickens, who wrote thereon to his friend M. de Cerjat, "I have always in passing looked to see if it was to be sold or let; and it has never been to me like any other house, and it has never changed at all." To the same friend he writes:—"At this present moment I am on my little Kentish freehold . . . . looking on as pretty a view out of my study window as you will find in a long day's English ride. My little place is a grave red-brick house (time of

George the First, I suppose), which I have added to and stuck bits upon in all manner of ways, so that it is as pleasantly irregular, and as violently opposed to all architectural ideas, as the most hopeful man could possibly desire. It is on the summit of Gad's Hill. The robbery was committed before the door, on the men with the treasure, and Falstaff ran away from the identical spot of ground now covered by the room in which I write. A little rustic alehouse, called the Sir John Falstaff, is over the way—has been over the way ever since, in honour of the event. Cobham Woods and Park are behind the house ; the distant Thames in front; the Medway, with Rochester, and its old castle and cathedral, on one side ; the whole stupendous property is on the old Dover Road,—where, also, there are milestones."

There is something peculiarly English and homely about this red-brick house, with its trim lawns and shady trees. A tunnel runs under the road from the garden in front of the house to that on the opposite side of the way, where stood the Swiss châlet given to Dickens by Fechter, wherein he wrote the last words of *Edwin Drood.*

A few yards beyond Gad's Hill Place a lane to the left leads down hill, through typical and peace-

SPRING—LEEDS CASTLE FROM THE S.E.

ful Kentish scenery—green hills, green trees, and green swards—green is the livery of County Kent. Turning to the right into the main road, the Three Crutches, a modest house of call, opens upon us; and pursuing our way we soon reach—again on the left—the gate which gives upon the cart track to Knight's Place farm. Then a few minutes' walk across the grass brings us to the steps up which and down which we clamber, and so into Cobham Park, one of the most beautiful spots in Kent, one of the most lovely in all England.

A curious coincidence may be noted with regard to this path through the park. This was Dickens' last walk, we are told, and had always been one of his favourites. Many a time he had tramped it, alone or with friends; and on a June afternoon—the day before his death—he came along this way. This very walk he has described for us in the work that brought him fame: in chapter xi. of *Pickwick* he describes how that great man and his comrades made their way across Cobham Park in search of the disconsolate Tracy Tupman; "a delightful walk it was, for it was a pleasant afternoon in June. . . . Their way lay through a deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the thick foliage, and enlivened by the songs of the birds that perched

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upon the boughs. The ivy and the moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. They emerged upon an open park, with an ancient hall, displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of Elizabeth's time. Long vistas of stately oak and elm trees appeared on every side ; large herds of deer were cropping the fresh grass ; and occasionally a startled hare scoured along the ground with the speed of the shadows thrown by the light clouds which swept across a sunny landscape, like a passing breath of summer."

Cobham village retains much of an old-world air, disturbed chiefly by bicycles and motor-cars, abominations, both, to the vagabondish walker. The Church and the adjoining College contain much that is of interest. The former is partly Early English, partly Late Decorated ; but it is not so much the building, which has undergone the desecration of restoration, as the brasses and the tomb of Sir George Brooke, Lord Cobham, that repay the visitor. Of the twenty-four brasses, thirteen, dating from 1320 to 1529, are memorials to members of the Brooke and Cobham families, the remainder commemorating masters of the College. Brasses interest chiefly the antiquary, but

REMAINS OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, CHARING

every learned or unlearned lover of the beautiful will enjoy the wonderful tomb with its magnificently carved recumbent figures, and the smaller kneeling figures set around. Here it stands lonely in this little village church, looking as though it had strayed from some splendid cathedral or reverend shrine; there, with hands clasped, the wife and husband lie with their faces toward the dawn, in confident hope of the day of resurrection.

Behind the church stands the New College and the scanty remnants of the Old College. The original chantry or college was founded by John de Cobham in the fourteenth century, for five priests, whose principal duty should be to sing masses in the adjoining church to the honour of God and for the health of the souls of the said John and his forefathers—for ever. It strikes sadly on us, as we stand before the ruined doorway of the old foundation, crumbling and ivy-grown, and think of the futility in the mouths of men of those words "for ever." All is silent, ruined, desecrated; no sounds rise on the summer air of priests chaunting for the souls of the departed or to the honour of God.

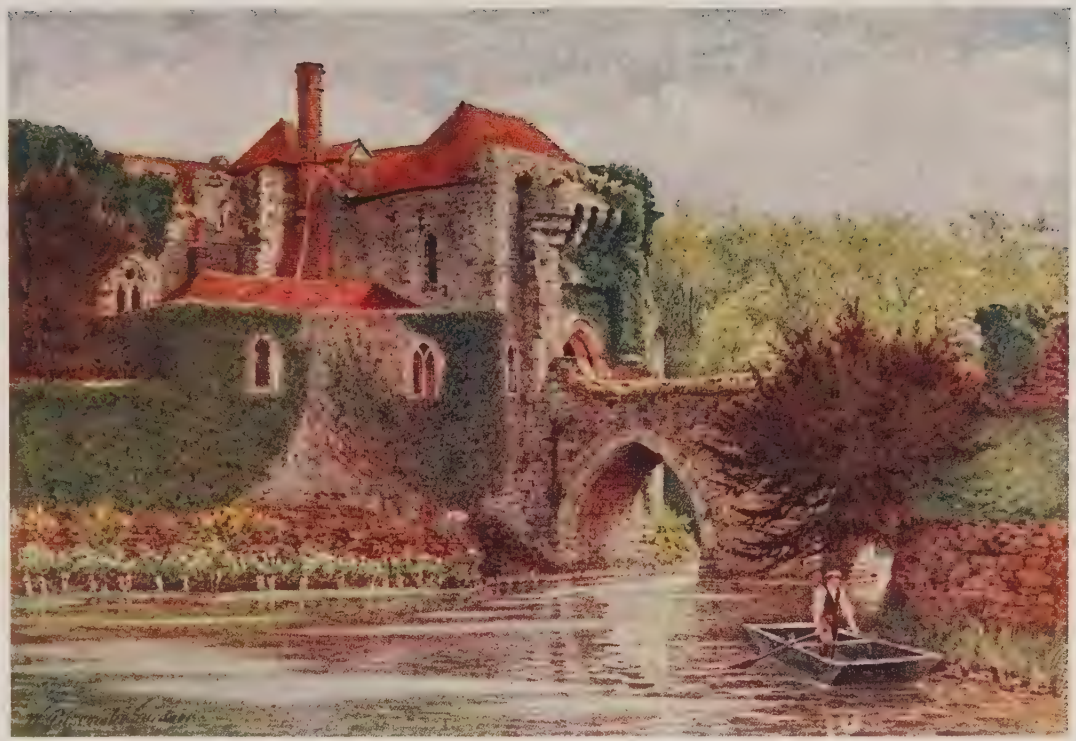
The new foundation is a monument of the munificence of William Brooke, Lord Cobham, and was completed in the year 1598. Three sides of the

gray quadrangle are occupied by the humble but comfortable lodgings of the pensioners—the whole atmosphere of "these old buildings, with their ivied archways, dilapidated gable, and deep shadowed interiors," is that of a quiet harbour of refuge from the strife and trouble of life. The fourth side of the quadrangle is formed by the ancient hall, with fine timbered roof, wide-mouthed fireplace, and modest buttery screen.

As the sun sets, we stand in the little village thoroughfare; to one side the churchyard and the church, rosy in the glow of the sunset; before us a few small houses and clumps of dark trees, and the sky barred with two mighty bands of black cloud and shot with blood-red glory. We turn aside to the merriment of the Leather Bottle Inn, "the clean and commodious village alehouse" to which Mr Tupman retired from a disappointing world, and like him we there find good cheer and entertainment.

Cobham Park is well worth more than a hurried visit. The Hall itself is a delightful example of Tudor architecture, set in a splendid frame—backed by woods, flanked by woods, and in the foreground —in June—glowing masses of rhododendron—a vision of beauty, luxury, and comfort. The collec-

THE OLD GATEWAY AND BRIDGE, LEEDS CASTLE



tion of pictures is famous—but on a June morning who would look at any pictures save those painted by Dame Nature? And who can describe pictures so as to retain anything of their colour and charm? Music must be heard and pictures seen. So away across the grassy knolls until we reach the grateful shade of the trees, stretching their sheltering branches across the narrow track that runs between the green bracken. Then through a gate and so on to the highway, but not yet out of the shadows. What matters though the way be dusty and the sun hot? Under the trees runs the road, flecked with motionless patches of sunlight; now and again the wood falls back, leaving space for a cottage or two, all fragrant with climbing roses, their gardens gorgeous with bright flowers. So round the corner in to Shorne.

"Master John Shorne,
That blessed man born,"

who was neither mere man nor saint, had apparently somewhat to do with this little village, but exactly what—who knows? The matter is "wrop in mystery," which need not disturb the peace of any man. The church here contains a Cobham altar-tomb and some brasses. Passing from here on to Chalk, glimpses are caught of

the distant Thames, winding its way to the sea; but it is best not to pause hereabouts, but to go on to the Church of St Mary, this side of Chalk village. It stands alone, no house near by, and the world seems to be far apart as one lies in the long grass of the graveyard, now looking out over the river, now upward at the tower with its curious carving. What do these two grotesque figures mean? The monk or priest below, holding a jug, and looking up with laughter at a tumbler or dancer carved above—but not immediately above, for between them is an empty niche, where once stood an image of the Virgin Mary. But this ground is too peaceful to permit of botheration over antiquarian problems. The gray church, the gray tombstones in the grass, the gray churchyard wall; the birds calling overhead; the wide expanse of marshland; Gravesend Reach and the Hope, the low hills of the opposite shore; the steamers and sailers going up and down; peace and withdrawal from the world are the keynote of the picture, and a certain touch of sadness. How many centuries has this old church tower looked down on short-lived man? Like the ships, we come and go, in tempest and in calm, but the grey tower stands sure.

MAIDSTONE

Back of the Ancient Palace, the Church and Old College, from across the Medway

MAIDSTONE AND ROUND ABOUT

To most men the Medway, if known at all, stands for a broad arm of the sea that reaches up inland to Chatham and Rochester, beyond which point, if anything, it is but a name. Yet to those who love quiet country streams this river is full of charm. No castled crags frown down upon its placid waters, but there are castles on its banks and ancient habitations of men; it flows serenely past the green hills of Kent, making no great noise in the world, but winding its way into the hearts of those whose good fortune it is to become familiar with it.

As he stands on the grass platform that is flanked and screened by Crookholm Wood, above Birling and Snodland, there lies stretched before the gazer a magnificent breadth of quiet homelands; away to the east the Medway, broadening out, guarded by piles of gaunt factory chimneys, passes under

Rochester bridge, so round the bend to Chatham, and so out of sight into a haze of mingling land and sky and water; opposite, range wood-clad hills, breaking up into well-tilled fields as they sink down to the winding stream; away to the south Maidstone, dimly visible; then, as one turns, a blurred glory of woods and hills, church spires and tall houses, broad fields and meadows and strips of white road — too beautiful to be picked to pieces into topography. But to this height—some few hundred feet, yet it seems as if we stood above the world—no sound of labour or play comes up, only the songs of birds add music to the silence. From this vantage ground we look down not merely on nature but on history; dim and legendary history much of it; history writ in stones that are so old that the words they mumble to us are indistinct. What mean these great blocks that stand weather-beaten or lie broken on the hill slopes? Are they tombs or dwelling-places? Who knows? Archæologists wrangle and dispute, but they know not, and no man ever shall know. And there, running along the gentle decline, where the hills melt into the fields, is the narrow thread of the Pilgrims' Way, sheltered from the cold north winds, above the marsh and morass and the woods in which

LOOKING DOWN THE MEDWAY FROM CHATHAM PIER

robbers and outlaws lay in wait, guarded now by high hedges, but of old open; along this narrow way what countless feet have trod—merchants bearing their wares to the seacoast towns, soldiers marching against their fellow-countrymen or on toward France, pilgrims straining their eyes to catch sight of their next great halting-place across the valley at Boxley Abbey—away over there to the south-east, where the corner of the hills stands out like a bold headland.

Why not follow in their footsteps? Why not, save that the Pilgrims' Way from where we stand to Boxley is uncertain. The shortest way was the longest way often enough in the dark, rude days when this track was cut through the wilderness of woods and hills. When a river had to be crossed many matters were to be considered—the nature of the ground by which approach must be made to the river's bank, all marshland or heavy going being avoided; so in this case the pioneer would stand just here on the shoulder of the hill, beneath the wood, scanning the land below him, looking to see where the hills fell away most comfortably for him toward the river. This, that, and many another point would give them pause; and we can now only trace their way across this valley by learning somewhat of

the features of the earlier and later portions of the road concerning which there is no dispute. In his delightful book, *The Old Road*, Mr Hilaire Belloc has made his best endeavour to solve the difficulty for us, and his arguments are sane and convincing. So let us follow the route—for some little distance—as he lays it down.

Northward the Pilgrims' Way now runs, so say the local folk, but we must desert it if we would truly step in the way they went; going down the gentle grass slope, leaving Birling Place farm, long the home of the Nevills, on the right; then along the quiet field path to Paddlesworth, and so to Snodland. Here, if heated, we can sit awhile at the foot of the tall stone cross in the churchyard, listening—if good luck attends us—to the soft murmuring of the organ. A narrow way leads down to the ferry, where a lethargic but good-natured soul will take us across in a ponderous tub to the brick-fields and waste lands, a dreary outlook, but to the student of geology teeming with interest. An uphill path brings us to Burham Church, held once and for long by the Knights Hospitallers. Then on and upward still, with the broad valley on the right and the fields and wooded hills above us, till a rough path leads across a sunburnt field to Kits

AYLESFORD BRIDGE

Coty House. The tomb in the wood, we are told by some, may be the meaning of this name, and under these mighty slabs the body of some man of might may have mouldered into dust; but the woods have retreated, the winds whistle through this last home of one of whom even the name is forgotten. Near by are the Countless Stones, the number of which no man can count, so "they" say. Who are we that we should contradict them? Be it what it may, this speechless relic, who cares? It is its age that whispers to us as we stand by it, looking out over the broad valley. How many ages have passed it by? How many more will it survive, dumb? And we, who can chatter and laugh, stand unheeding beside its grimness, then touched into momentary silence and sadness by the thought of the many yet unborn who will stand here when our tombs too shall lie empty. Here we part from the Pilgrims' Way, leaving the glare of the open field, and by the shady highway go down to Aylesford, a quaint, red-roofed old town, where men and women in modern costume seem out of place. Here battles have been fought out in Saxon days, but it is difficult to conjure up the clang of arms and the sobs of dying men in this peaceful atmosphere. Better to pass over the fine old

bridge and stroll down beside the stream until opposite the picturesque Friary, possibly the first home of the Carmelites in England, possibly not. The "possibly nots" lend interest to history. It was owned in later days by Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose disagreement with Queen Mary led him to disaster, and here was born Sir Charles Sedley, of witty memory. Then back again past the church on our way to Maidstone. From the churchyard we pluck a flower of an epitaph from the tomb of a village blacksmith :—

> "My sledge and hammer lyes declined,
> My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
> My fire's extinct, my forge decaid,
> And in the dust my vice is laid;
> My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
> My nails are drove, my work is done."

Allington Castle has a long and interesting story; Saxons, Danes, Normans have been here; we meet the Cobhams again, but chiefly are we interested in the Wyatts. It is here that Sir Henry lay confined and starving in a narrow cell, and was fed, not by ravens, but by a favourite cat who brought birds to him; can we wonder, then, that on a Wyatt monument in Boxley Church, hard by, a cat should figure? Wyatt had his cat as well as Whittington; pleasant tales both.

ALLINGTON CASTLE

THE WEST FRONT OF LEEDS CASTLE

Maidstone, the capital of Kent, lies for the most part upon the right bank of the Medway, from which river it takes its name and gains its importance. There is something fairly picturesque but not really beautiful about its narrow streets and open market-place; an old county-town atmosphere pervades it. The Church of All Saints, pleasingly situate above the river, is handsome, but leaves the heart cold, which is probably due to the fact that it has been "thoroughly restored." It is big and dim and full of ancient monuments, yet somehow unbenignant. The tomb of most interest is that of John Wootton, first Master of the adjoining College, who died and was buried here in 1417; time has laid heavy fingers upon it, and the mural paintings above it are dim and indistinct. Here also sleeps William Grocyn, likewise Master of the College, and friend of Erasmus. The College of All Saints, with its noble gateway, stands—also on the river bank—to the south of the church, and was founded in 1395 by Archbishop Courtenay for a master and six chaplains. To the north of the church is the Archiepiscopal Palace, a very beautiful Perpendicular building, now the property of the town. The three edifices—the college, the church, the palace—group harmoniously, forming

a pleasant prospect from the other side of the river.

Maidstone is the capital of Hop-land, vineyards which for loveliness may compare with those where grapes are grown, far surpassing, indeed, those of the Rhine and Moselle. It was not until the early years of the sixteenth century that hops were largely cultivated in this country, coming to us in the best sort from the Low Countries. Beer used to depend for its special flavour upon hops, ale upon various herbs; but we live in degenerate days. The hop harvest is precarious, the vine having as many an enemy as the heart of any teetotaller could desire; there are usually two good crops to one bad, but consolation lies in the fact that, even so, profit can be made. The "picking" commences toward the latter end of August, and is picturesque if not altogether pleasing. Londoners—chiefly from the East and South—swarm down, labourers, costers, factory hands, a very motley crew, and often curiously ragged.

There are many interesting places around Maidstone; some of these we have already visited; others are Leeds Castle on the Ashford road, a magnificent pile, with a moat and a ghost; Sutton

THE WEALD FROM THE DOCTOR'S GARDEN, SUTTON VALENCE

MALLING ABBEY

Valence and East Sutton; Leybourne Castle and Church; and Town Malling, with its striking Norman Abbey.

It is a country of churches and castles, of parks and village greens; a beautiful, homely, healthy, comfortable country; nothing in it of the wild or gloomy, but very much of the gracious and lovely —a country to be visited at any season of the year with profit and delight.

A GROUP OF NOBLE HOUSES

KENT is the county of comfortable homes—Cobham, Knole, Penshurst, Hever, Ightham, and many another, big and small, all bearing upon their comely faces what has been called the "fireside smile."

It is best to approach Penshurst by the park path that branches off to the left from the shadowy road that leads upward from the station; a broad, smooth road, overhung by trees and steep banks; a thoroughly typical bit of Kentish roadway, green and seductive. Almost immediately after entering the park the house comes into view under the outstretched arms of a stalwart oak. Across rolling sward, broken here by clumps of trees and there by miniature forests of tender bracken, the pathway leads on until the gates beyond the little bridge are reached. At first glance the effect is somewhat cold; the new stones used by the restorer have not yet had

THE LYCH GATE, PENSHURST

PENSHURST PLACE FROM THE TERRACE

time to weather and blend with the old work, and to harmonise with the lovely reds of the brick. But as we walk round and through the grounds the charm of the buildings and the gardens lays hold upon the heart. The clouds are sailing in heavy masses across the July sky, tempering the heat and light; the grass is soft and springy under foot; the trimly clipt yew hedges, looking so old-world, yet dating merely from the middle of last century; the splendid blaze of the roses, the long terraced walk, Diana's Bath, pent in with red bricks and decked with snowy water-lilies, the fruit trees with their heavy promissory notes of russet and green, the view over the green valley of the Medway; Sacharissa's Walk, where her feet may have trod, but which in her day cannot have been shaded by the trees that now guard it; and, centre of all this loveliness and commanding it, Penshurst Place itself, with high peaked roofs, tall turrets, and quaint chimney-stacks, with windows and deep doorways that break the long façades with gaps of cool darkness. Then in under the gateway built in the reign of Edward VI., when the house and estate was presented to the family that still owns it, for in the year 1552 the boy king bestowed "the manor, park, and palace (of Penshurst), with the adjoining lands, meadows

and pastures, woods and trees, on his well-beloved knight, Sir William Sidney, in reward of services done to him." But much of the house, the "palace" or place, is of far older date, being built by Sir John de Poulteney toward the latter end of the fourteenth century, this good knight having mated with the heiress of the de Penchesters, who for two centuries had lived here. Chief of his handiwork, and a testimonial to the staunchness of the work of those days, stands the great hall. The open timber roof, with its curious supporting figures, all minus their feet, is fine, as also is the minstrels' gallery, supported by an excellent screen, a curious feature of which is that portions of what is apparently seemly wood carving is in reality plasterwork. In the centre is the great open hearth, piled high with logs, the lighting of which would lead to unpleasantness, as the smoke louvre has gone long since. The hall looks cold and cheerless nowadays, a meeting-place not for living but for ghostly mortals. It calls for but scant imagination to call up here visions of the past; long tables run down either side the room, and another at right angles to them on the daïs; the sombre garb of to-day vanishes, and gallants and gay ladies rustle and ruffle in coats and gowns of many colours; the notes of pipe and tabor sound from the music-makers up

HOLLINGBOURNE MANOR FROM THE UPPER GARDEN

RUMWOOD, LANGLEY

aloft, and trains of waiting-men bear in the weighty fare of those bygone days. Picturesque, indeed, to the mind's eye, but surely full of bodily discomfort? Perhaps our own times will appear beautiful to those who follow us; and when Penshurst is a forgotten ruin, our descendants may muse over the remnants of some great London caravanserai and conjure up dreams of a beautiful past that will not bear comparison for comfort or for ugliness with a utilitarian present. So wags the world away.

The ancient "solar" or withdrawing-room is now called the ball-room, and of the other main apartments the most interesting are the Pages' Room, Queen Elizabeth's Room, the Picture Gallery, and the Dining Room. To write at length of their contents would render these pages but compilations from Murray or Baedeker, and would not convey anything of the fascination of these beautiful rooms. The arrangement of the furniture and pictures is of necessity somewhat formal, carrying an atmosphere of lifelessness, but here, as in the hall, the imagination quickly kindles, and the portraits hanging on the walls speak of other times, other men and women, and other manners, telling the stirring story of this ancient home. We have already caught some of their words, and may take up the story where it

begins to be of living interest with the afore-mentioned Sir William Sidney, who fought at Flodden Field, and for his services to his sovereign was rewarded with this princely house and domain. William's son, Henry, was the companion and comrade of Edward VI., and his arms supported him when he died at his palace of Greenwich. Henry was married to Lady Mary Dudley, a daughter of the foolish Duke of Northumberland, who strove, to his own undoing and to hers, to seat Lady Jane Grey upon Mary's throne. With Lady Mary came to the Sidneys the blood of the Berkeleys, the Beauchamps, the de l'Isles, the Greys, and the Talbots; with her came the bear and the ragged staff. To this noble pair was born one Philip, who has come down in verse and prose as a pattern of all that a gentleman and a scholar should be, the writer of *Arcadia*, "the brightest jewel" of Elizabeth's crown, the hero of Zutphen. Is it heresy to whisper—who dare say it aloud?—that if Philip was as perfect as he has been painted, he must have been somewhat of a prig? Will not some kindly antiquarian bring him home to our bosoms by discovering that he did sin at least once? At his death Penshurst was inherited by his brother Robert, who was created Viscount Lisle,

ENTRANCE TO HEVER CASTLE

HEVER CASTLE

Baron Sidney of Penshurst, and Earl of Leicester. He married a Welsh heiress, Barbara Gamage, and his son, the second earl, has come down to us chiefly as the father of Dorothy, the "Sacharissa" of Edmund Waller, and of Algernon Sidney, the patriotic republican. His is perhaps the saddest and at the same time the most human and humane of the shadows that haunt Penshurst; his story still awaits a worthy pen. There are several portraits of him here; in one he looks out on us a sad, almost stern-faced boy; and in another he is shown leaning upon a volume entitled LIBERTAS—and in the background Tower Hill is shown. His among the many noble heads have fallen there because their owners loved or abused Liberty. He fought for the Parliament, being wounded at Marston Moor; struggled sternly also with Cromwell when he believed him to be threatening the liberty of the nation. The Restoration drove him from England, and he wandered in exile until 1667, when he returned to his father's deathbed. Here is what he said himself of his going away:—"I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I have ever had in my mind that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by

doing an indecent thing, He shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it; and when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think He shows me I ought to keep myself out of it."

He writes also of how he "longs only for a few months' quiet at Penshurst." But he again obeyed the call of politics, endeavouring to re-enter Parliament; and when these efforts were attended by failure, planned to set out with Penn to America. Penn went, but he remained at home, was arrested for alleged complicity in the Rye House Plot, was condemned by Jefferies to death.

"Are you ready, sir?" asked the executioner. "Will you rise again?"

"Not until the general resurrection," Sidney answered. "Strike on."

It is impossible either by pen or pencil to convey more than a tithe of the charm of this ancient place: it is not in the buildings or in the stories of those who have dwelt therein that lies this charm; it came on us from the atmosphere of peace and antiquity that enwraps the whole.

So, farewell to Penshurst. But it is no long journey to other spots of beauty and of historic interest. A grassy path leads round the house

CHIDDINGSTONE FROM THE CORNER OF THE CHURCHYARD

and its lawns to a gateway into the churchyard. Upon the church the hand of the restorer has been heavily laid, and with a sigh of relief the back is turned upon it as we face the beautiful lych gate, with its depth of shadow, and the gabled, timbered house, and so out into the village street, and, perchance, to the village inn for sober refreshment and reflection.

Hever Castle is but some two miles distant, surrounded—or at any rate until lately—by its moat, fed from the river Eden; a quadrangle of gabled buildings, around which lingers a somewhat equivocal air of romance, the love story—if by such name it may be dignified—of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII.

Not far away is one of the most delightful villages in England, Chiddingstone, happily as yet unspoiled; merely a few quaint, timbered houses, the gates of the great house, an inn for the quenching of the thirst of the body, a house of God where the thirst of the soul is slaked, a God's acre, and a school—the whole life of the community from school-days to the grave, the living in sight of the dead, perhaps guarded and watched by them.

Another noble home is Knole; a giant of a house, with its 365 rooms, built of the grey

Kentish rag, and covered with deep-toned red tiles. There are pictures here of splendid value, Vandykes, Reynolds, Gainsboroughs; as we wander through the halls and corridors we mingle with the living past, not with dead pictures of those who made it famous; we meet kings and queens, soldiers and statesmen, courtiers and great ladies.

Then there is Ightham Mote, one of the few remaining specimens of a moated manor-house, portions of the building dating from as far back as the reign of Edward III. The house is a quadrangle, the walls rising sheer from the still water, and the more notable portions are the very ancient hall, the gateway tower, and the chapel.

Of a totally different character—a fortress and a home combined—is Leeds Castle, near to Maidstone. Whence the name no man seems to know, and few care; as at Ightham, there is a moat, but here it is a broad lake, from which springs the stately stronghold—the setting of many a stern scene of history.

Northward Ho! Across the Medway by Rochester bridge, and so on uphill to Cobham Park and Hall. Cobham village we have already visited, giving, however, a mere glance at the Hall. About Penshurst there lingers the memories of courtiers and statesmen; about Knole, those of sovereigns and princes.

KNOLE HOUSE

IN KNOLE PARK, NEAR THE KING BEECH

There are many famous memories at Cobham, but somehow they do not make such strong appeal as does the peaceful comfort and homefulness of the place itself. As the splendid pile stands before us, we can picture it as the setting not only of great pageants but of many a happy domestic scene, an abode of comfort in all weathers, and in all weathers and seasons beautiful: when the trees are fully clad and the sun pours down in summer power; when the wind whistles through bare branches and the snow lies thick. The greater portion of the buildings are of cosy red brick, dating from the latter years of the sixteenth century, the work of Sir William Brooke, Lord Cobham. The central portion, however, between the two wings, bears the imprint of Inigo Jones—a plenitude of windows, cupolas, and chimneys—one of the many comfortable homes of England.

Inside there is much to see of interest and beauty; notably the magnificent Gilt Hall, the panelled Dining Room, the Portrait Gallery and the Picture Gallery, and the fine collection of pictures. The Portrait Gallery—questions of art apart—is the most captivating room in the house; there one may live with the great dead, many of whom have trodden these galleries and saloons.

Everywhere, in such houses, we come across traces of Great Eliza, but here too of Queen Victoria, who spent some of her childhood here; who can say whether or not, three centuries hence, she will stand in repute for greatness and graciousness above her ancestor? Here, again, are portraits of Sacharissa and Philip Sidney, the latter more pleasing than any at Penshurst, and one of Shakespeare, but very dubious.

In truth, there are noble homes in Kent.

THE EAST SIDE OF IGHTHAM MOTE

IGHTHAM MOTE FROM THE TERRACE

EPILOGUE

This has been but a vagabondish book; none the worse, therefore, in the humble opinion of the writer. Can there exist a country more delightful than England, or in England a county more delectable than Kent—to the heart of the happy vagabond? A true vagabond is a man—a woman is too seldom a true vagabond—of large heart; of heart so great that for everything of beauty that nature holds forth to him he can find affection. Who sees anything of nature and knows anything of her manners and moods save the vagabond? Not your traveller by train, or your blind hurriers on motor-cars and bicycles. They move from one place to another. But the vagabond walks, not speedily, but aimlessly and leisurely, except on such occasions as he may deign to accept a "lift" in a country waggon or carrier's cart. Nature is kindly to those who love her, and never really discourteous. The

snow and the rain and the hail fall alike upon those who know and love her, and upon those who know her not and have not sought her graces; yet not altogether alike; her lovers do not grumble at the snow or the rain, but see beauty therein, for her beauties are infinite, and as surprising as those of the most lovely and gracious of women. No man can vagabondise who does not love nature—(I am not speaking of those who take to the road because they have no roof whereunder to shelter); only he can hear, amid the city's roar, the still, small, distant voice calling him to the highways and byways, to the mountain and the meadow, to the sunlight and the darknesses of the moonlit night.

This is a vagabondish book by one whose good fortune it has been for some years past to vagabondise in the garden of England. The vagabond's feet are wayward, so must his work be. If he is told that this, that, or the other place is one which no lover of beauty should miss, it will almost certainly follow that he will not go there, or at least not until chance, his guiding star, may lead him thither. He delights to set out without aim and with no knowledge of his destination, full sure that wherever he may wander he will find entertainment for eye and heart. In one way he is like

MAIN ENTRANCE, ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH

Winscombe Gardner

THE WILBERFORCE OAK, HOLWOOD PARK, KESTON

the majority of men; with him familiarity breeds content, and his feet tend to take the way that they have before trodden with satisfaction.

So in this pleasant country of Kent there are many other places which this vagabond's feet have visited,—Chislehurst, Hayes, and Keston Commons, all so full of beauties, which shine the more bright, perchance, because of their nearness to the dulness of the metropolis. There is much, too, worthy of renewed visits in and around Greenwich —a remarkably pleasant place Greenwich, though part rather of London than of the country; full of memories of monarchs, of Henry VIII. who used to ride hence— or was it from Eltham?—hence across the country to Hever, to woo, in his burly, rough, jovial way, ill-fated Anne Boleyn. Here dour Queen Mary, with her mean, narrow-minded face, kept dreary court; and here Queen Bess revelled and flirted, and was visited by William Shakespeare and his fellow-players. Here, in the old palace or hospital founded by Mary, whom William loved so well, and built by Wren, to whom Londoners owe so immense a debt, many a warworn sailor-man has answered at his last muster; and here, by the waterside, when the moon rides high of a summer night, it is satisfying to sit watching the

great ships moving slowly down to the sea, and the barges with their brown sails, and the multitude of trembling lights; memories come up of *Our Mutual Friend* and of *Jacob Faithful.*

Canterbury, Chatham, Cobham, Chalk, Chiddingstone, Chevening, Chislehurst afore named, the Cinque Ports, the Crays, — quite an alliterative bunch of good friends!

Then there is Tunbridge Wells, a particularly desirable place in and around which to vagabondise. As long ago as the days of William Shakespeare—who knows but that he came hither to drink the waters?—the springs here were known for their wholesome qualities, and who of us but has heard how fashionable they afterward became? Who of us but has come here to meet Mr Richardson, Dr Johnson, Beatrix Esmond in her riper days, and the young Virginian? But it is almost wiser to carry one's dreamings outside the town up to Rusthall Common, say, and the High Rocks, or further afield, for the surrounding country is full of choice spots.

Of these places—of most of them—somewhat has been spoken in these pages by pen and pencil, but of others, equally lovable maybe, nothing. Kent is a country compact of interest and beauty, and to

THE PANTILES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

The Toad Rock, Rusthall Common

have attempted in one volume a detailed description of it could but have resulted in dry disaster. So we have been vagabonds, going whither we listed until paper ran short; but it is not because they were forgotten that no word has been said of such well-known places as Otford, Shoreham, Sutton Valence, Charing, Ashford, Cranbrook, Biddenden —famous for its Maids—and others.

But what has been written will, it is hoped, prove acceptable to those who know, and therefore who love, Kent, and may serve as an appetiser or introduction for those who know it not. Let those who desire to visit, and to see and to appreciate its many beauties, walk along its roads and field paths; only to him who walks will she entirely open out her heart. No matter what the taste of the wayfarer, he can suit it; if he is a lover of historical association, of literature, of architecture, of legend, of romance, or of the gifts of nature—all in abundance he will find.

Here endeth this book, a small token of admiration and affection from a lover of Kent.

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PRINTED BY NEILL AND CO., LTD., EDINBURGH.

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